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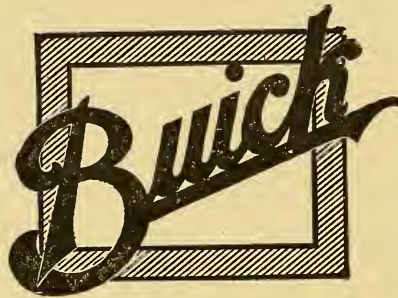
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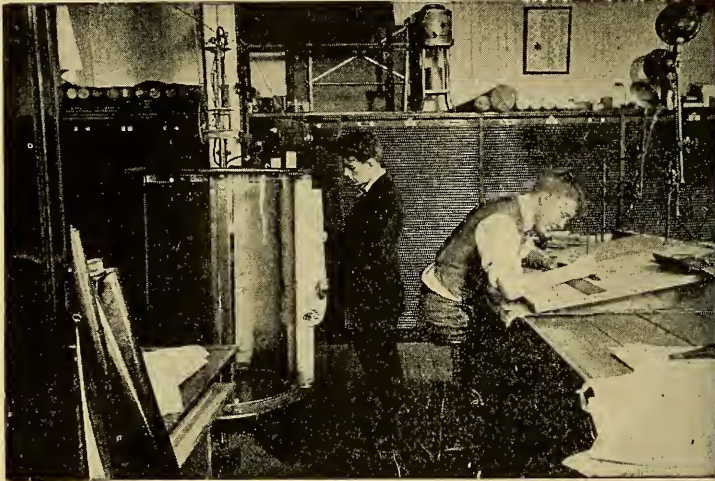
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The Arguenot

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NO. 2

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Foreword

ON looking about us we notice a great many "grinds" these days. When we think how easy-going the pupils were at the first of the school year the change is quite appalling. Now, we seldom enter a class room without seeing heads bent diligently over books. Of course we can't state definitely that this means studying but we are willing to wager that it does.

The first two terms are over and for many the records are not very pleasing. Usually the third term makes a great many students realize that they had better wake up and hustle.

This apparently contagious disease is affecting the Seniors to a marked degree. It is their last year and much as they love (?) school they would hate awfully

not to graduate with their class—and so they begin to "grind, grind, grind."

But the Seniors are not the only ones who are "grinding." We see evidences of it among the underclass pupils also.

There is a reason perhaps—some have been told by stern and relentless parents that they cannot attend any more social events if their marks do not improve. Others are not on the first honor roll and want to make it. Still others, these are some of the Seniors, are planning to continue their education at college or normal school. College board exams and certificate grades loom high in their horizons.

Will this epidemic last? It may and it may not. That all depends—We hope that it may.

A Personal Experience

ALL of us remember, and many of us have endured, misfortunes caused by that most sanguinary and destructive war—the World War. The people who suffered the most were the people in whose country the battles were fought. Mothers had been robbed of their sons, wives of their husbands, children of their fathers.

At the time when the World War was declared, we were living in Vilkonier, a large city in Russia. About a month later, all the people were ordered by the Russian army to leave the city. The soldiers of the Russian army informed the people that the Germans were very cruel and bloodthirsty, and that the Germans would choke all the women, butcher the

children, and take men their prisoners. The people were commanded either to go across the "Svetaya Recca" (the Saint River) or to flee with the Russian army to Petersburg.

My mother, three sisters and I joined our relatives and all of us went across the "Svetaya Recca." When we reached the "Svetaya Recca," we found the banks of the river crowded with people and beasts of all kinds.

After some difficulty, we all crossed the river and felt somewhat safer, although the disturbing sounds of cannon and machine-guns seemed to come nearer and nearer to us each minute. After we had travelled for about two miles, we came to a village of Mardi where we spent the night. Next morning we started out for a ranch which was about fifteen miles from the village of Mardi and which was owned by a friend of my mother's. After six hours journey, through sandy roads, in the open fields, with the sun burning like fire and the wind blowing like a simoom, we reached the ranch. All of us were very hungry and thirsty. The horses were swimming in sweat and their eyes glistened when they saw a stream of cold water.

Mr. Treherne, the owner of the place, received us kindly and showed us the way to his vacant log-cabin, which he had used as a dance hall for his workmen. The cabin was surrounded by a great many trees.

* * *

Two weeks had passed, and we had seen no sign of the German army. Suddenly one night as we were sleeping, a cannon-ball struck one corner of the cabin, but it didn't hurt anybody inside. A moment later, someone opened the cabin door and asked if we were asleep. It was a cossack. We told him that we were not asleep. Then he told us that

the Germans were about a quarter of a mile away and at the same time, he ordered us to leave the ranch at once, because the cossacks were going to set it on fire.

Having been informed of the impending disaster, we packed our things and started for Petersburg. We did not get very far before we found ourselves between the two armies in action. We continued to travel on, and as soon as we were out of danger, we decided that we would go home, because we thought that the nearer to the army we got, the more danger there would be. When we arrived at Vilkomie, we found our houses without windows, or doors. The furniture had all been burned; our gardens had been all tramped down and overgrown with weeds.

After a while, the Germans arrived. For weeks they, like water from a broken dam, were flowing through the muddy country roads, taking everything valuable with them. They did not kill anybody, but they took the last piece of bread from us and left us to die of hunger. They seized many of the people's horses, cows and even their clothes and jewelry. Later they issued an edict, which the people had to obey. They demanded that all the people turn in all the implements of war which they possessed. If anybody informed them that a person possessed any weapon, the suspected person was killed without any trial.

There was an old windmill in the center of a large field which the Germans used as a cemetery for the condemned ones. They tied the person to the wall of this old mill, covered his eyes with a rag; then twelve soldiers shattered his brains and his body to pieces. There was no casket or any other thing to contain the dead body which was to be buried. The body was then thrown into the grave hole.

There were thirty-two people buried in this so-called cemetery, in less than a year.

After a time, another law was passed, which was almost as bad as the first. Under this law, each family was required to give one liter of milk per cow a day, two eggs per hen a week and three-fourths of the farm products. The officers then collected all the horses, cows and other animals, even dogs (these they shot, because they barked). They left each person nothing, but the privilege of using his own horse when he needed to do his work on a farm. Then they gave each person a cow and the person was to give one liter of milk to the Germans and keep the rest for himself. They recorded the number of hens each farmer had and each person had to produce two eggs per hen a week or turn the hen in if she didn't lay two eggs a week. The people were forbidden to make butter or kill any animal in their possession without getting permission from the German government. The officers used to raid the people's homes about twice a month and if they found any lard, butter, or meat, they confiscated all these things and fined the person ten marks per pound for each substance.

Each day the people became more and more oppressed. Spring came, and the fields were green with weeds—no one sowing, no one planting, or doing anything in his fields, because there was nothing to plant and nothing to sow. Everything was taken away. For more than two months we lived without any bread. There was no place to buy bread even if

we had wanted it. There was no sugar nor kerosene. People woke up in the dark and went to sleep in the dark. Salt was very scarce. For about six months we lived without it. When many people became sick as the result of living for such a long time without any salt, the government announced that every Tuesday, salt would be on sale at the city hall. From all parts of the district the people flocked to the city hall on Tuesdays to buy salt.

One Tuesday I went to buy some salt. Oh, it was a cold day! The line of people waiting for the distribution of salt was so long that one could hardly see its end. I happened to stand behind an old woman. Somehow we began to talk and she told me that for three Tuesdays she had come to buy salt and she had not yet got a chance. I, myself waited there for about five hours until I almost froze with the cold and then I had to go home without any salt.

By the time the Germans got through with us, we were more dead than alive. They left us, and the country, penniless, without a government and with nothing to eat.

When the Germans cleared the country, the robbers raided it. Then came the Bolsheviks who were merely a tribe of fortune seekers, who had robbed the inner part of Russia, but who had come too late to rob us.

When the Armistice was signed, we left this country of poverty and turmoil and came to America, the land of freedom, peace and humanity

CHARLES BABEL, '28.



On White Mice

A MOUSE is a mouse—what difference whether he be black, brown, gray or white? He is still a small ball of fur with bead-like eyes and worm-like tail.

If by chance one is groping about in a dark closet and suddenly realizes that what he thought was a fur button off a seal coat, is not a fur button at all, but a dead gray mouse—why should one jump and utter a blood-curdling cry?

If the button had proved to be sister Susan's poor, little, dead, white, "Imogene," one would have sobbed aloud and hastened to report the discovery to the family.

Probably Susan would prepare, with tears streaming down her cheeks, a softly lined box to serve as little white "Imogene's casket." No doubt there would be a tiny grave stone under the apple tree, marking "Imogene's" last resting place.

But as it is not white Imogene, but a gray mouse, it is picked up by the tail,

with much disgust, and thrown into the furnace.

I once knew a girl who had three mice which she took great pride in exhibiting. One day, however, after she had put them through their dancing act, she was called to the 'phone and on her return was unable to find one of these poor, little white things—"Patrick Henry."

Need I state what had become of him?

I shall never forget the expression on that girl's face when her mother stood up and revealed the "flat as a pancake" "Patrick Henry."

Some folk pay good money for these little white creatures, yet set traps for gray, brown, and black ones that belong to the same family.

To me a mouse is a mouse whether he be white or gray. I wonder why some people make pets of the one and enemies of the other.

It is certainly (to quote an essay I read recently) "a problem in favoritism."

EDNA BATEMAN, '27.

Opinions

Winter.

Cold, frostbitten hands and faces,

Frozen radiators,

Snow, accidents, wet feet,

Colds, death—

Misery.

Winter.

Cold, skating, iceboating, races,

Merry boys and girls,

Snow, tobogganing, rosy cheeks,

Skis, sleds—

Pleasure.

GARETH ROUILLARD, '27.

The Bird and the Rose

A Rose that bloomed in a desert land
Sighed in her loneliness.

A little Bird that was singing near
Was touched by her distress.

"Why are you sad, sweet Rose?" he said.

"Why do you weep and sigh?"

"Ah!" said the Rose,

"If I had wings, to the other land I'd fly."

"Why do you linger here, dear Bird,

When you might fly away?"

"Because I love your scent, sweet Rose,

In this lone-land I stay."

CECELIA SHERMAN, '29.

A Modern Portrait

"FOUR aisles down, Madam." Filled with ennui, she lifted a gaudy hand to her sleek "shingle," gave a bored sigh, and lazily turned to a waiting customer. Her painted lips murmured, "A wonderful buy, Madam. And so cheap, too." She glanced at her highly polished nails, brushed an imaginary speck of dust from her black satin dress, and continued, "An exceptional bargain, Madam. And so cheap, too." (Her spike-heeled slippers pinched a bit, but that was to be expected after a long day, and the shoes were new, anyway.)

The customer walked away and another sought her attention. Again the bejeweled hand caressed the shingle, and lifting her masked eye-lashes, she gave the new customer a withering glance. This was one of that "just looking—thank you" sort—all questions and no purchase. The carmined lips moved. "A wonderful buy, Madam. And so cheap, too." She daubed her nose with flesh colored powder and added more rouge to her already scarlet cheeks. She brushed her sleeve with a flimsy handkerchief reeking of "Black Narcissus," and turned to the customer. "A remarkable bargain, Madam. And so

cheap, too." She adjusted the long rope of pasty pearls around her neck and decided they would look better wound around twice. This she proceeded to do. She bent over and adjusted a feathery "jazz-garter," wished they had more brilliants instead of feathers, and stood up.

Another customer. (That left shoe pinched a little more than the right, but they were so good looking)—"A wonderful buy, Madam. And so cheap, too"—(the lattice-work over the arches and the spike-heels were so new). The customer walked off—oh, well, one of those "fores" probably. She should worry,—she gave the impression that she worked in a store in her leisure time.

This was the manager coming over now. Most likely the floor walker had reported her—he had always acted huffy—"Discharged? Very well." She walked off leisurely.

The floor walker joined the manager. "—Mind on nothing but clothes, style, looks—so shallow and gaudy—nothing real or wholesome. Everything showy, and so *cheap*, too."

JANE M. WALDHEIM, '27.

Was It Worth It?

ALL his life John Harrington had longed to do something to distinguish himself, and now had come his big opportunity. To-morrow he was to make an altitude flight to break the world record.

He had worked hard all that week on his plane the X-C20A, getting everything in perfect running order. It was snowing very lightly now, but it would probably clear up by the morrow—and it did!

The next day dawned clear and bright with a light covering of snow on the ground and a clear blue cloudless sky overhead—a perfect day in which to make a record flight.

Now making an altitude flight is not an easy thing to do. The aviator must be of a very strong physique, and have a great deal of stamina and courage. Many are the hardships which he must endure. The thermometer may register

as low as 85 degrees below zero, and the air becomes increasingly rare so that it is very difficult to breathe; in fact the aviator must depend for his oxygen on the supply that he carries with him. Should anything happen to this, he is lost.

But John Harrington, twenty-six years of age, in perfect health, and one to whom fear was a stranger, thought of none of these dangers as he donned his costume for the flight. It consisted of three suits of heavy woolen underwear, his regular army uniform, next a knitted woolen suit, and over all a leather suit heavily padded with feathers and down. He also wore fur-lined gloves, fleece-lined moccasins over his boots, and an oxygen mask for his face, with goggles treated with an anti-freeze gelatine solution.

Having gotten himself ready for the flight, Harrington made a final inspection of the plane to see that it, too, was prepared for the test. He then got into the cock-pit and started the engine. Oh! what a thrill it was to feel the motor throb, to push the control stick and go racing over the ground—and then—to soar! Straight upward he went. He would show them! Nothing would stop him but death. On he flew, straight up to the heavens!

Suddenly, he felt a peculiar depression and everything seemed grey. He realized that this was the signal for more oxygen, so he fastened one of the tanks to his mask and with a few deep breaths

everything seemed bright again. Higher and still higher he went. Breathing became more and more difficult and he found it necessary to open the emergency tank of oxygen to combine with the other. Suddenly, the plane jerked into a horizontal position and would go no higher. It had reached its "ceiling." Beyond this it was not safe to venture. But Harrington was out for a record. Ah! Glory, honor and fame! He would get it regardless of consequences.

Gathering all the strength he could master, he yanked the control stick back and hung on to it desperately. The plane shot upwards several more feet. But—the extreme effort had caused him to lose his breath and he began to gasp for air. He went mad with the struggle for breath. He snatched off his mask and his face immediately froze as he slipped into unconsciousness. The central stick jerked back, and the plane went into a tail spin straight to earth. Down, down it went, carrying with it the lifeless body of John Harrington.

The plane finally crashed to the ground and the frozen, mangled form of the young aviator was taken from the wreck. The recording instruments showed the record of the flight. It was marvellous—a seeming impossibility. He had broken the record of 38,000 feet and made a new record of 49,000 feet. The papers flamed with the story and the name of the hero, but—was it worth it?

ELIZABETH BLUMENKRANZ, '27.

Nights

When nights are dark and dreary,
The world seems wierd and weary.
Everything is still and quiet,
Even the wind has stilled its riot.
All is still.

When nights are bright with moonlight,
The world seems full of delight.
Everything is lively and gay,
Even nights seemed changed to-day.
All is merry.

GEORGE PALLO, '28.

Fifty Years Ago

PEG awoke with a start, finding herself in a high four-poster bed, which was as much unlike her own little white bed as it could be. Cretonne curtains hung at both sides, and when she parted the curtains, she looked down from a height of about two feet. In one corner of the large, low-studded chamber, was a stand holding a pitcher of water and a big, white washbowl.

Jumping to the floor and slipping on her little satin slippers, Peg "Charles-toned" over to the stand to wash. At the end of fifteen minutes, Peg was finishing her toilet with a touch of rouge to cheeks and lips, and giving a final twirl to the ring of hair on each side of her head. She ran downstairs whistling the latest song hit, "That's Why I Love You." Dashing into a large spacious room which was the kitchen, she ran into a middle aged dame who wore a dress with a hoop skirt. "Good Gravy!" exclaimed Peg, her arms akimbo as she surveyed the shocked and indignant lady, "What is it all about?"

"Thou must not talk thus, Margaret," reproved the lady sternly. "Thou must stay in thy room the rest of the day and do penance. Come." And taking her by the ear, she led the astonished Peg back to her room, and pushing her in, she locked the door. "Thy sister Deborah will bring thee thy bread and water," she said through the door.

"Well, what d'ya know about that?" gasped Peg. Then as the ridiculousness of it dawned on her, she laughed until she cried, and laughed again. "Wait'll I see Chet. Won't he—" Here, her reflections were interrupted by the noise of a key in the lock, and the door opened to admit a tall girl, who appeared to be some years Peg's senior, with smoothly

parted hair and serene gray eyes. The girl had to sidle in, so as to get her hoop skirts in, but it was all done with a calm dignity. "So *you're* my sister, huh?" said Peg to herself.

"Here is thy breakfast, Margaret," said the young lady, laying on the bed a small tray containing a dry crust and a mug of water.

"Gee, Deb, is that all I get? I'm famished!"

"That is all thou deserveth," said the older girl severely. "Thou had better think over thy rudeness to Mother and read the Good Book," thrusting a large black book into her hands. "When Father comes home, he will administer to thee a well-deserved whipping." With this she walked sedately from the room.

"Holy mackerel, what a crab!" muttered Peg. "Horrors! What will I do. A whipping! A big girl like me. Seventeen next month. Oh, oh, how mortifying!" And bursting into tears, she cried until she finally went to sleep. She was awakened by a tap on the window-pane, and sitting on the branch of the apple tree next to the window, was a handsome, black-haired lad of about fifteen. Going to the window, Peg raised it. The boy stuck in one leg and then the other, and lo and behold, he was in. "It's a mean shame, Margaret," he said.

Just then a heavy tread was heard on the stairs, and a big, heavily bearded man entered the room, carrying a strap. The boy disappeared under the bed. Peg shivered. "For thy rudeness to thy Mother," he said, and taking Peg by the shoulder, he forced her to her knees, and raising his arm, he dealt her a stinging blow. Peg pleaded, but he raised his arm again. Before the second blow fell, Peg wrenched herself free and with a

gasp, awoke! Her mother stood by the side of her bed shaking her and crying, "Peg, Peg, come out of it. You're having bad dreams." Peg with a sigh of relief

found she was safe in her own little white bed. "Results of Thanksgiving dinner," she giggled, as she sprang out of bed.

PEARL GORDON, '28.

One Chance Out of Ten

THE great ice rink was for the moment silent. The stands surrounding the rink were filled to their utmost capacity. On the ice itself, two teams of six men each stood ready for the signal to begin play. Suddenly the puck was dropped and the combat was on.

Two great hockey teams were now fighting for the championship of Western Canada. One aggregation was known as the Alberta "Tigers," the other as the Vancouver "All-Stars." Through the long season now nearing its close the two teams had emerged undefeated. This was the final game to decide the supremacy of Western Canada.

Hardly was the first period started, when the ill feeling that was known to exist between the teams rose to the surface. Hockey sticks were carried high and the body checking employed was hard and furious. Both goal-tenders were peppered with shots but managed to keep the elusive rubber from entering the net. The goalie of the Vancouver team was a stylist at his position and was known through all Western Canada for his wonderful playing. The lad on the other end of the arena who wore the spangles of Alberta was little known in comparison with his talented adversary. He also was doing a heroic job at his position.

The first period ended with no score being made by either team. During the second period the intense feeling rose to fever pitch. An Alberta forward, skating furiously down the ice with the

puck in his possession, was wickedly body-checked by a Vancouver defense man. Immediately a quarrel arose between the men in which other members of both teams joined. The net result of the fracas was that two members of the Alberta team and one member of the Vancouver team were handed major penalties which meant banishment from the game.

The second period ended with the result still a scoreless tie. The situation was now desperate for Alberta, with only four men with which to withstand their opponents' five. After a short rest the battered gladiators returned for the last and final period. There seemed to be a "do or die" expression on every player's face. The referee once more cautioned the players against any infraction of the rules.

Minute after minute of the period dwindled away with the weakened forces of each team fighting desperately. Once more a man from Alberta's ranks was sent to the penalty box for a period of two minutes for a minor offense and here he was quickly joined by a teammate. But there was less than two minutes to play! Here indeed was a nerve wracking situation. Two men against five and only seconds to play.

Suddenly from a scrimmage in front of Alberta's net the puck was propelled toward the waiting goal-tender. The latter stopping the disc with his little squat hockey stick suddenly started to race furiously toward the other end of the

rink. What was this? A goal-tender leaving his sanctuary to skate down the ice? The pack was soon in hot pursuit. Faster and faster the little goalie skated with the puck securely held in the crook of his hockey stick. His heavy goal-tender's garb seemed not to impede him. At last the Vancouver goal was at hand. The Vancouver goalie was ready, but made the mistake of coming toward the waiting player. The disc rose from the

hockey as both goalies stretched their length on the ice.

Two whistles sounded—both the scorer's and the time-keeper's. The mad-dened fans rushed on the ice, to cheer their hero, the little Alberta goalie, who had broken all precedents in skating the whole length of the ice to score a goal which meant victory to his team.

DANIEL O'CONNELL, '27.

Inverugie Castle

ELLEN was lonely. She had come to spend the last two weeks of the summer holidays at her Aunt Ellen's home in Inverugie. She had expected her cousins, Malcolm and Keneith to be there to entertain her, but Malcolm had unexpectedly been called back to Rugby (it being his last year and he the governor of the class) and Keneith had received an urgent invitation to visit her schoolmate in Wales.

It was a dreary day, and as she sat, her chin cupped in her hands looking out over the River Ugie, she thought that she was sadly neglected.

"It's positively horrid of Keneith to go away and leave me in a hole like this," she murmured, evidently forgetting that to Keneith, a fifteen-year-old who was not yet "out" was a mere child.

She sighed and buried her head in her arms. She was suddenly surprised to feel a cold, damp lick on her hand.

"Oh! Jock!" she exclaimed, throwing her arms around the lovely setter's neck.

Jock thought it was no time for such affection, and he told her so by tugging lightly on her skirt. This, of course, was Jock's way of saying, "Come along!" She allowed herself to be led down the stairs and out onto the drive.

It was just misting now, and the fresh air seemed good to Ellen, who had been indoors all morning.

Jock, seeing that she would follow now without being pulled, let go of her skirt, and leapt ahead with joyous little barks.

"Jock! You're not leading me to that tiresome old castle, are you?" she said disgustedly. "I think I know everything connected with Inverugie Castle by now."

(Time would tell whether or no this was true.)

But for the coolness of the air against her hot cheek, and her desire to exercise her stiff legs, she would have turned back.

Arriving at the "tiresome old castle," Jock disappeared down an ordinary-looking hole which seemed to stop after seven feet or so. But appearances were deceiving, and imagine Ellen's surprise to find at the foot a passage about four feet tall.

Jock, by this time, was out of sight, but Ellen kept on straight ahead.

After crawling on the rough stone pavement for about one hundred yards, she came to three steps, leading down.

"Talk about 'Alice in Wonderland,'" she said, thrilled at what she saw before her. Jock was sitting complacently in a room about ten by sixteen. In one

corner was a heavy iron chest, absolutely empty. In another, a stack of old copies of "Punch," dating back as far as seventeen sixty-five. The room was lighted by a few mysterious holes in the roof and even this dim light dazzled Ellen after the blackness of the tunnel.

Jock came up to her sniffing eagerly as if to say, "Don't you realize that I found this?"

Ellen patted his silky red head and went over to pick up the top magazine. As she opened it, a sheet of yellowed paper fluttered to the floor. She picked it up and saw a paragraph written in red ink, now faded with age.

"Lord Edward of Rattray!" she said aloud. "His one peculiarity. Red ink!"

It was difficult to decipher the words, but this is what she made it out to be:

"To my son Edward III

If ye be away upon my death,
my son, I feel sure that ye shall first
investigate this room. Ye, and only
ye know of this, my sanctum sanc-
torum. Make certain, my son,
never to part with this, the home

of our family for centuries. Be ye
never tempted by the riches of Eng-
land or the beauty of France. *This*
is your home land. Honour it.
Never, under any condition part
with the iron chest filled with
treasures that your grandfather
brought from India.

Your father,

Edward II of Rattray."

"Jove!" exclaimed Ellen, wiping her brow. "By the way he talks, the chest is what is valuable. Well, we'd better go now, old top. Aunt Ellen must be home by now."

Aunt Ellen was at home and being of a very nervous temperament, had been disturbed concerning Ellen's "whereabouts."

The chest proved to be the most valuable of the treasures from India, and now Ellen proudly shows it to visitors, where it stands in the hall of her home.

"And Jocky found the room," she says, pointing out a painting of the beautiful Irish setter.

JANICE MACKENZIE, '29.

The Sunset

There on the hillside beneath a tall pine,
I watched the flaming sun sink low,
Behind the hills of the far skyline
And felt the soothing breezes blow.

The lake below me with rippling waves,
Reflected the colors of sunset.
I heard the pleasant gurgling sound
When dreamily rock and water met.

And there in the distance, a sailboat of
gold
Glimmered against the brightening ray
Of a sunset of beautiful tranquil peace,
At the close of this most perfect day.

BARBARA DEAN, '29.

Cuchu

FAR off in the Valley of Timatamba, lived Cuchu, a Peruvian boy. His home, a thatched-roof stone hut, seemed to be perpetually overflowing with children—for Cuchu had six sisters. Their names were Yatala, Lejad, Zurita, Oahu, Tacna, and Ilo.

Ordinarily, the children didn't bother with much clothing, but on festive occasions their raiment was quite wonderful. Cuchu would appear in tight trousers, rawhide sandals, and a poncho like a rainbow. The sisters dressed exactly alike, in five gay-colored petticoats apiece, scarlet shawls and reversible hats. Oh, those hats! They were velvet, embroidered in silver and had broad, flat brims, and soft, floppy crowns. If the weather was sunny, they were worn right side out, but just let a cloud appear, and each hat would be thriftily turned inside out, with its red flannel inside exposed to the dampness.

One day, because Father Pazee and Mother Pazee were away, Cuchu was in charge of the family.

It was during the afternoon siesta that Cuchu's keen ear heard a distant rumble that seemed to come nearer and nearer. He ran to the door, with slim Yatala at his heels.

"Fire? a forest fire?" she questioned through white lips.

Cuchu shaded his eyes and searched the horizon. No tell-tale tongue of flame or wisp of smoke appeared.

The rumble grew louder, louder. It was the patter of many feet. A herd of deer burst from the forest and sped past the hut. Close in their wake pressed by wild hogs, peccaries, tapirs, and other denizens of the jungle. Side by side with a howling monkey fled his late enemy, the tiger cat. However, each

was too frightened even to see the other.

Then suddenly, Cuchu knew what was happening. The white ants, hoards of them, millions of them, were sweeping through the forest, devouring all life. Like the animals, he and his sister must flee or die.

"To the river—run, run!" he shouted. "I will loose the cattle and follow after."

Like one in a nightmare, Cuchu freed the cattle and fled towards the river. In a tangle of bushes, he came face to face with an hysterical Yatala.

"The little one, Ilo—left behind," she gasped. "Asleep in the loft—"

After a few moments of excitement, Cuchu shouted, "I have a way!"

With a few slashes he felled a couple of saplings and improvised a pair of stilts.

Yatala steadied him while he climbed up. Then he was off in great strides.

Back in the jungle, a dreadful silence had descended. A froth of white now surged into the clearing. Crawling, creeping, came the pale death, its front fifty yards across, its tail a mile deep stretching back into the forest.

Scarcely twenty leaps ahead of it, Cuchu reached the stone hut, dragged little Ilo to his back, and started to the river. The white army was upon him—a loathly, pale mass that scrunched beneath his stilts. He must go slowly, slowly; one misstep against a clod, one stumble in a hole, and he would fall to a terrible fate.

Now they were swarming up the stilts, over his bare toes, his legs—they were pinching his flesh. Cuchu screamed, then set his teeth and after plowing onward for a hundred paces—fell!

But the danger zone had been passed.

For to one side of him, the white army moved straight on, as to a compass. Cuchu dashed from his limbs the remaining insects, and with Ilo on his back, ran toward the river, from which Yatala rushed wildly to meet him. There at

dusk, a frantic mother and father found them, sitting safe and calm in the shadows, between a red wolf and a spotted fawn. For a night, "the great fear" made all the jungle world as brothers.

MONA MORRIS, '29.

For Sale

IT was a cold, damp night as the "Princess Pat" poked her nose out of the Plymouth harbor. The low, dense fog which hung over the bay made running without lights extremely difficult. But for "Old Jim" Peters it was a nightly task.

The "Princess Pat" was a trim fifty-foot boat with three twelve-cylinder Liberty motors. Each was tuned to perfection, and the "Princess Pat" left the berth without a sound.

Jim Peters was an old salt who had handled boats all his life. Before prohibition he had been Plymouth's leading citizen, and had owned a fairly large fishing industry. Since the eighteenth amendment, Jim had found a more profitable trade in the art of rum-running.

On this particular night a large load of "extra-special" booze had arrived at the twelve-mile limit. The shipment was to be landed at Pemberton, just within the harbor, and at the fulfillment of the contract, Jim was to receive the cool sum of five thousand dollars. He smiled as he thought of the neat sum that would roll so easily into his pocket for the work of just a few hours.

As the trim boat skimmed over the waves, Jim fell into a pensive mood. As he sat in the small cabin smoking his pipe, he began to wonder how much of a trap had been set for him. The first mate entered.

"Any orders, sir?" he asked. "The

engines are in good shape, and we ought to be at the limit within the hour."

"No, sit down," Jim replied, "Say, Bill, I've got a hunch we'll have to run for it to-night. Down at the pier yesterday, I heard theories as to the effective trap that has been made. Tell the men and have them ready at a moment's notice. Understand now—there is to be no bloodshed, but we must land our cargo to-night if we never do again."

"Yes, sir," Bill replied, "every man of us knows what to do, and we'll stick." He departed and Jim smoked on. Jim knew every rock and reef on the Massachusetts coast, and his boat far outstripped any around, but, of course, there was that chance.

A slow rain began to fall; the sea became more troubled; and the tiny craft was buffeted and rolled. The hour seemed to drag. Lighthouses were the only things visible, for they were in a section rarely visited by liners. In a few minutes, however, the dark hull of a freighter was seen. She carried no lights, for her whereabouts were not to be known by any prowling cutter. The "Princess Pat" drew alongside. Each man worked with all possible speed, for the giant of the sea must be on her way. Jim discussed the weather with the skipper who believed they were in for a heavy gale. The ship loaded; the two boats drew apart, each to go to victory or to defeat.

The wind had risen, and a gale had set

in. The high seas made speed so impossible that the staunch little craft had to make her way along at ten knots an hour. Rocking and dipping, she was unable to make much headway at this speed. About three miles from Shirley's Point, the most dangerous whirlpool on the whole coast, a searchlight could be seen sweeping the water. Jim had felt that the officers would be closing in on him to-night if they possibly could. The man he had discharged last week had undoubtedly "squealed" their plans. Rather than change them, Jim had taken the chance. Here it was, and as the beam of light fell on the "Princess Pat," the race was on.

A loud explosion in the rear made every man leave his post. The motor had gone dead. The stretch of water which separated them from their pursuers lessened. Each man worked with feverish haste to repair the broken part. Try as they might, they failed to make the engine respond and, as the minutes ticked by, the cutter was slowly gaining. When it was only five minutes away, the motor started, and once more the race began in earnest. Jim took the wheel and as he signaled for full speed ahead the tiny craft leaped o'er the waves. The sea had calmed a bit, and the running was much easier. The deadly hum of a shell struck the water close by. It was followed by another, but no answer was given by the pursued boat. Dodge as they might, it was of no use and the cutter was slowly closing in.

The race was now ended but the runner kept on, game to the end. Jim called

the first mate to his side and thanked him for all he had done.

"I hope," he said, "that they will hold only me responsible, and let the rest of you go. You have all been very good to me, and I appreciate it more than I can tell you. Whatever you do after you get out of this, go straight." A tear welled up in the eye of the old man as he gripped Bill's hand, for these two sons of the sea had become closely attached.

In a few minutes the cutter came alongside. No resistance was offered by the smugglers, for they knew that the game was up. The entire crew was handcuffed, and the two boats proceeded to Loon Harbor where the coast guard station was located.

After a sleepless night, filled with thoughts of losing the finest cargo he had ever earned, Jim was ordered to appear before the court. After a few questions by the judge, the assembly went to examine the cargo. To the amazement of all, the entire shipment was molasses, not a trace of liquor anywhere. In some way or other the sailing orders of the company had been confused, and Jim Peters had unloaded the wrong boat.

It was a warm sunny day as Jim Peters sat on the wharf, busily painting. His experience of two nights before had been all in the game, but he was getting old now and besides he had accumulated enough money to retire. Finally, he laid down his brush and tacked up an attractive sign on the "Princess Pat" which read: "For Sale."

SAMUEL E. STEEL.

The Annual Report of a Goldfish

I, JEREMIAH FINCH GOLDFISH the VII hereupon according to ancient customs and traditions relate my life thus far passed. Since you do not perhaps know the peculiar customs and traditions of our family I will briefly explain them to you. It has been the habit of all goldfish in the royal family, these last thousand years to make a report of their lives every year. I, therefore, having existed in this large and spacious world for four worthy years make my fourth august report.

I have the honor of tracing my ancestry back to the honorable Jeremiah Finch Goldfish the I. This honorable one was the first, with his family, to occupy the palatial floral gardens of Penn, the florist on Boylston street, Boston. He was a very distinguished fish, upon whose honor and glory the last six generations have lived.

Now I shall begin to relate the one noteworthy instance that befell my family and me in this fourth year of my life. As I have previously mentioned, all my ancestors and I have lived in Penn's palace. Many have been the experiences we all have had here. I particularly remember one day when a new caretaker, called "careless John" brought our breakfast to us at our usual breakfasting hour. It looked as appetizing as usual as it fell gently into the water from the silver ladle. We started at once to consume it. My wife Rebecca Finch, who was a very meticulous woman by the way, refused to touch it because she said it had a peculiar odor. Hungry as all men usually are I started at once to eat, heedless of her remarks. However, upon tasting it, I found, much to my annoyance, that it tasted very different from our usual breakfast food. It seemed to

have a very peculiar bitter taste to it. In fact it was so distasteful to my sensitive palate I could eat no more than a mouthful.

Rather disgusted with the first attentions of our new caretaker, I started to take my daily tour about our crystal palace, which by the way was in the shape of an elephant. My son accompanied me as usual. We had not gotten much farther than the gate which opened into the flower garden, when looking behind me I noticed a foaming white stream behind us. I thought nothing of this at first because often when little Jeremiah frisks about much he makes the water very bubbly. Proceeding, we went into the garden and examined the flowers. Seeing a pretty rose yonder, my little son scampered over to pick it for his Mother. As he went by me quickly a bubbly mass of white foam trailed behind him, just like the one that I had seen outside the garden. Noticing a workman nearby I asked him to see that we had fresh water at once. As he left to execute my orders I noticed the same foam trailing behind him. By this time I was greatly perplexed and somewhat disturbed. Such a thing had never happened before in our beautiful ancestral home. I was very fearful lest the wrathful gods might be punishing us for some misdeed—what, I could not imagine. While I was idly looking at the flowers our new caretaker returned suddenly, very much excited. With very much agitation and undue haste he began to change the water in our luxurious home. After accomplishing this task he poured in our breakfast food again. While I was standing much puzzled at this and in great wonderment, the workman returned. He informed me that the new

caretaker had given us Gold Dust for our breakfast by mistake. Can you imagine such carelessness? Why, if he had not changed the water in ten minutes we would all have died from soap-sud poisoning. That would have been the end of the famous Jeremiah Finch Goldfish family which had existed for seven vener-

able generations. Such a calamity could not be imagined!

As this was the only noteworthy thing that happened to my family and me, this last year, I, Jeremiah Finch Goldfish the VII hereby end my fourth worthy report according to all ancestral customs and traditions.

ELIZABETH MACGLASHAN, '27.

Darkened Windows

I

Unstained and pious-like a mansion scans,
With austere glow,
The hives of the factory serfs,
Huddled below.

II

Oft in the soft glow of twilight,
Folk stare at its luminous eyes,
But its gaze is so cold and forbidding—
It harbors inaudible sighs.

FRANCIS FLAHERTY, '27.

Human Nature in Fish

IN this age of mechanical and electrical energy, there is little time given to the observation of such an insignificant creature as a fish. However, if but a little time were spent in the study of this interesting inhabitant of the universe, much profit might be gained.

The idea that a fish is quite human became apparent to me only a few years ago when I was on a fishing trip, and since then, I have become very much interested in this extremely neglected creature.

When we first compare these two creatures—man and fish—we cannot readily conceive of any likeness. The scientist, however, will explain to us the similarity between the breathing apparatus of a fish and that of a man—a similarity that is quite marked. It is with the unseen likeness rather than the seen, however, that I wish to deal.

Even as there are men who "fall for" the most evident swindle, thousands of

them, so there are thousands of fish who are just waiting to be "hooked." Moreover, there are leaders in the realm of fishes just as there are leaders of men, and these, I feel, require our attention.

The slogan of one of our great religious organizations is, "A man may be down but he is never out," and this might also be the motto of those leaders of fish, who are good sports in every sense of the word. Many are the fish that I have caught without any sense of satisfaction, and many are those that have not lowered their colors to me! Oh, the thrill of meeting a foeman worthy of your steel! A fish can give a man some of the keenest moments of his life, if he so desires, and it is here that a human characteristic manifests itself. Why, I ask you, should we not deem that fish a possessor of "human nature" who fights until he drops, against the heaviest odds that he can experience? We pay hom-

age to the man who triumphs over a supposed superior, so why not pay homage to the fish who does the same?

I remember very well one great pickerel for whom I cherish a great respect. I had quite a battle with him one day. He happened to like the flash of my spoon-hook and, accordingly, he struck. Then followed a period of conflict which lasted for about ten minutes and which terminated suddenly when the fish took his departure. I am glad that he did not break the line, but one of the manufactured lures for fishing, namely a spoon-hook. I have never met that

fish since, though I have often fished in that pond, but I shall not forget the lesson that he showed me. I had everything on my side, but that fish fought on to the end, and he triumphed—I am not at all sorry.

It is little lessons like this one, learned from such a commonplace creature as a fish, that lead us on to an understanding of the ways of life. If a fish can wage gallantly a fight against odds, how much harder should we struggle against the bonds which bind civilization, and seek to bring our age to a high level of culture.

WILBUR FAY, '27.

Once, in Russia

"I must hasten now, or her highness will rebuke me," said Ivan Miaroff to his mother as he embraced her while she stooped to weed her garden.

So saying he sped toward the home of Count Gregore Koraskaya.

Mariusha Miaroff sighed and turned to watch her son as he passed out of sight. She had been a struggling widow for fifteen years. She and her three children occupied a little stretch of Gregore's land. Here they toiled and mingled with the other "mujiks" of the village.

Ivan, the eldest son, had been sent to a music school, against his mother's wishes. She thought, as did the other women in the village, that the life of a musician was not worthwhile, but the lad refused to work in the fields.

After many months of training, the count employed him as teacher of music to his young daughter Lubia.

The palace of the count was a grand white structure, which stood on a hill overlooking the peasant fields.

Ivan reached the palace and entered the music room.

"Good afternoon, Princess! Am I late?"

"Oh, I thought that you would never come, music man!" exclaimed the princess.

Now, Lubia was the only child of Count Gregore. In spite of the fact that she loved her good father, her life and surroundings she disliked, and she was sad.

Her mother had died some years before this and Lubia lived alone in the castle with her father.

Lubia loved Ivan's music and secretly admired him. She always awaited his coming with delight, for it gladdened her.

Ivan took up his dear violin. He began to play a queerly fascinating peasant melody.

The princess suddenly arose from her chair, covered her irritated ears, flew to Ivan like a distracted witch and tore away the violin.

In staccato accents, she shrieked,

"Unforgiving one, you fool—mujik boy—why did you play that awful thing? I hate it—*hate* it, I say." And she burst in a flood of angry tears.

Ivan stared stupefied, wondering at this unusual outburst. What had happened? "Princess, I am sorry. I will go."

"No you mustn't! How can you?"

Ivan still more perplexed added thoughtlessly, "Why are you so angry?"

"Because, I can not listen to that song. I abhor it. It—it reminds me of a life that—that—is happier than mine."

"Oh," he interrupted, "I understand. You are unhappy. You hate yourself somehow."

Ivan sought to cheer her up, and dared to whisper, "Princess, I am going to the village dance tonight. Will—will—you come?"

She stopped and stared in a dazed way.

"But," she began, "but my father—my people—yours—I shouldn't"—then gayly, "I don't care. I'll go. Come for me! Now go!"

Ivan boldly dared to return for Lubia—and then the dance! Unknown to anyone they made their way to the village and dance.

Lubia discarded her princess dress and was disguised as an ordinary peasant maid.

She suddenly stopped and shuddered. What if she were recognized! Heaven forbid! Her father would be angry.

Laughter, dance, music, and song prevailed within the rude dance house. All were so gay, so carefree, it seemed to

Lubia. She loved it! It tempted her. Only too soon it ended.

Day after day passed. Lubia's unhappiness and morbidness increased. The splendor, the radiance of her surroundings sickened her. Lubia wished for a change which could not come. She did not understand.

Ivan was far away. He had gone to play, to love, to enjoy, in the land of the free, far away from Russia—her land.

Soon came that awful revolt, the first of the Revolution, the fall of the Czar in 1914,—followed by even more dreadful events.

Lubia soon found herself homeless, friendless, fatherless, almost poverty stricken, in a strange, wonderful world. It was maddening! Now her chance had come. She would fly, learn, teach, do and feel! She felt wicked.

One day she sailed to France. There she worked to earn her living. She was no longer Lubia, but rather "Marie Laminave," who was employed in the Cafe Tournoise.

Her new life gave fresh vigor, interest and ambition.

Then she met again Ivan Miaroff, the world famed violinist. His eyes were very weak, he told her, and some day would perhaps fail him entirely.

To Lubia came now a brighter day. She became the wife of Ivan Miaroff, the blind violinist. She lived in soul bliss and fantasy—in love and music, she—"Marie Laminave"—the daughter of Count Gregore!

ISABELLE YARMOLOVICH, '29



SNOW

(With Apologies to Angela Morgan)

Snow!

Thank God for the sight of it,
 The beauty and touch and delight of it—
 Snow that comes from the starry heavens,
 Filling up all little nooks and caverns.
 Oh what is so nice as the fluttering whirl
 Of the downy flakes blown in a swirl,
 Drifting and piling in all the byways,
 Challenging the pedestrians on their
 ways?

Snow!

Thank God for the gift of it,
 The ever increasing drift of it—
 Flake upon flake lightly hurled
 Over the broad and spacious world.
 Oh, what is so grand as the sight of it,
 And what is so strong as the might of it,
 Tumbling down from the clouds in the
 skies,
 Changing everything where'er it lies?

Snow, the glorious! Snow, the friend!
 Transfiguring the earth unto its end,
 Coating the trees and covering the grass,
 Making everything a snowy white mass—
 Changing the world in every part—
 To thrill the vision of many a heart.
 Thank God for a gift which none can
 surpass—

Thank God for the splendor of Snow!

ELIZABETH MACGLASHAN, '27.

Table Manners

ONE of the "Wise Saws" which has been handed down to us from time immemorial is, "Fingers were made before forks." I find this old adage most convenient, at times, when I come home from school, and "Cut myself a piece of pie." I repeat, it is most convenient, for when I take the pie in my hand (this is a habit I have) my mother is invariably horror stricken, and these few words furnish me with justification for my degeneration into "Cave man" etiquette. Simplified spelling is becoming quite successful in the business world, and I heartily hope that "simplified eating" will in time become the order of the day.

Back in the "dear days beyond recall," when men were men and dinosaurs were

the ruling animal, fingers were the mediums by which man conveyed food to his mouth. One day there came a man who thought himself a trifle better than his fellow animals. Instead of eating with the implements which God had given him, he shaved the bark from a forked stick, and prodded it into his food. He ate with great gusto. Gradually, others followed his example, and it became evident that soon he would be only one of many in his new style of eating. He wept and gnashed his teeth, for he wanted to be different from the common herd. He racked his brain for new ideas, and finally, one day, while lapping up his broth, he conceived the plan of hollowing out a piece of wood and

of using this to transport the liquid to his mouth. Incidentally, he produced from this new invention what was probably the first music, which still can be heard at any banquet. This improvement continued, and slowly more and more instruments for table torture were devised, until now a man needs a course in a correspondence school to be acquainted with the different rules for the proper eating of food.

Although I try to observe these rules, I have no sympathy with them. I cannot see why one should eat beans with a fork, instead of a spoon; why each bite of bread should be buttered individually instead of buttering the whole piece; why—oh well, what is the use of going

on? If rules of etiquette told us to hold a fork in our left hand instead of in our right, would it be any more preposterous than the rules which make us eat certain commodities with a fork, when they might be eaten more easily with a spoon?

However, I suppose that all these rules of convention should be observed. No matter how much we object to these rules inwardly, one follows them, or be considered a boor. The only course open to us is to go along trying to do things "according to Hoyle" and now and then offering up a curse for the originator of etiquette, while vainly trying to get some peas on a fork.

EDMUND CAINE, '27.

"Snowflakes"

Away from cold grey clouds we stray,
For unknown regions far away.
And hastened by the wintry breeze
We light on house tops, poles and trees.

Without a thought, without a care,
We keep on falling everywhere.
And while the earthfolk are asleep
We fall, and make the snow banks deep.

When we stop whirling all about,
Jack Frost, the elf child fair, comes out.
He slides down silver moon-beams bright
To draw gay pictures, clear and bright.

VILLA JACKMAN, '27.

Bugs

"**B**UGS! Bugs! And more bugs! If I ever see another bug without putting it out of its misery, I'll"—but this speech was interrupted by the opening of a door and the entrance of a young man about the same age as Harry, whom we just heard give a little oration on bugs. This young man had apparently heard the last part of this forcible speech,

for he demanded to know the reason for all the fuss over a simple bug.

"Hello Tom," said our orator. "Look here, what do you make of this? Four hundred and ten whole pages on the why and the wherefore of bugs. Lord! If a bug ever knew all the things he had in him, he would do anything but live. Bugs! I've heard enough about

bugs for one night. Let's go for a walk."

The late "bugologist," or to be more scientific, the late entomologist, and his friend were walking in the park talking of nothing at all and having a good time doing it. They had circuited the park and were on their way to their rooms when they came face to face with the Dean, apparently in a great hurry. They said, "Good evening," respectfully as all college students learn to say it to a professor and such. The Dean looked up, recognized them, and spoke to them. He was about to pass on when he stopped and said, "Boys, I have two extra tickets to the lecture tonight. Could you use them?" Harry was about to refuse politely when Tom piped up and said that they would be glad to have them. (Tom was one of these fellows who had a fine collection of blotters advertising toilet soaps, etc., something for nothing in other words.) Well, anyway, our two "fish" were found sitting in the front row on either side of the Dean staring at programs that read:

A Lecture by Four of our Greatest Entomologists—Subjects: "Insects in their

Different Forms." Harry stared before him and muttered, "Bugs! Bugs!" He absently took the paper and pencil that the Dean gave him from his notebook. The Dean beamed upon him and said, "Here's a chance to get ahead of your class, Mr. Stone, by taking a few notes." Harry attempted a sickly smile and tried to thank him but was successful in neither. A short four hours later in his room, Harry said,

"Look at that! Just look! Seven pages of notes on bugs! And I couldn't do anything but write them with him looking at my paper every minute. Seven pages!"

"You haven't anything to kick about; I've got six pages and I don't even take the stuff! Imagine that! I don't take it," this hard-luck story came from Tom.

The climax of the thing came the next morning when Harry went to the entomology class triumphantly with his seven pages of notes and heard his name read off as one of those who had flunked in the course and would be required to discontinue that subject. There was a dull thud as a body hit the floor.

RUSSEL CROSBY, '29.

Something Old and Something New

"OH, Ralph, I have found it! I've found the treasure!" Peggy excitedly yelled these words to her youthful companion, Ralph. They were both just children, but they used to imagine that they were grown up and searching for a real treasure. Ralph and Peggy eagerly examined the small metal box and to their great delight the cover was not locked as they thought all covers should be on treasure-boxes. They looked at each other, amazed. It was a queer thing which they saw, but rather common-

place for a buried treasure. It was an old Chinese incense-burner with a few faded and lustreless jewels on its lid. They were certainly disappointed. "Oh," said Peggy, "you can have the old thing. I don't want it." (This in a tone of contempt.) They went dejectedly home from the huge cave where this interesting scene had taken place. Ralph carelessly carried the "old thing" under his arm and bid Peggy a cross good-bye at her door with the final words, "If you ever want the 'old thing,' you may have it."

Several years later a young fellow in a comfortable room in the Alpha Gamma Rho house was reading the newspaper when his attention was arrested by this advertisement in an inconspicuous corner of the paper: "Books are inspected and wanted wherever they are sent and distribution—fishing houses which sell the product."

The old trading trade has given employment again to many hundreds of people in the town. In this way, large numbers of people have been attracted to Norwood and thus it has become a growing town steadily. It is not merely a trade; it is more a matter of art. A printer who sets up his press, for instance, must be very good. The only art of printing. All kinds of books are printed in the North. Ralph would have to go and interview the advertiser. The difficulty is that it was indeed a doubtful reputation. Ralph did not for us to, but Peg objected. "You would kill you Ralph? Or far a try?" Ralph laughed and said it was decided to go to the poles every day to the north.

Ralph went to the street, eagerly looking for floors to find the nun. When he came to the right one, it was dirtier and more gloomy than the others, if that were possible. For a moment he hesitated and then boldly entered. It was a pawnshop which did not appear very prosperous. The pawn-broker had a horrible

grin on his face as he greeted the fellow and asked his business. Ralph told him briefly of his errand and then went on with business details. The price which the broker offered was very low and Ralph hesitated about accepting. Then the broker invited him to be seated near the desk and asked to see the burner.

Ralph placed it on the desk and was just sitting back in his chair when someone entered and grasped his shoulders and pulled him to the chair. No sooner was he seated than the outside door opened and two revolvers were lowered in the faces of the two brokers. They had been caught at last and their career as brokers was ended. Ralph was surrounded by the policemen who had come just in time and, after a few brief words of explanation, was allowed to go his way. He hurried down the street with the treasure still under his arm.

A few days later a young lady, sitting in a comfortable chair in her room, was disturbed by a knock on the door. It was the postman with a package for her. On opening it she found the old Chinese incense-burner and inside it lay a tiny pin set with jewels on which were inscribed the Greek symbol for "Alpha Gamma Rho." There was also a brief note which read, "Thanks to you, the 'Cops' came in time to save me. Here is the 'old thing' and something new, too. Ralph."

RUTH M. DAVIS, '27.

Memories

I left my home in my early 'teens,
To seek my fortunes and adventurous
scenes.
I traveled far o'er land and sea,
And many a memory returns to me,
Of the cold bleak nights I spent in Nome

And the moonlight nights I spent in
Rome—
Now years have passed and soon I'll be
On the road to my home beyond the sea.

DAN CALLAHAN, '27.

The Skier and Life

The white, packed snow is his starting place,
 His goal is far out of sight.
 It is his first time to cover the route,
 He starts with will and with might.

He thinks of things that the men have said
 traveled this very trail.
 "The usual way in fear," the mistakes
 "Let still its frigid fury blow
 Like icy breath upon my heart's place;
 Until it fell like ashes dead,
 From which all heat and light cut once

So out he glides with a steady stride,
 There's no fear for him in the lead;
 And thinks he not as he speeds
 Of many chances for spills.

With darkness of my life
 With burdens and prayed for light
 We start for dawn of faith
 Our friends in shadows of my night.
 Our path to the light
 FLAHERTY, '27.

Norwood as an Industry

NORWOOD is fast becoming recognized as an important industrial center. Two of her well-established industries are those of printing and tanning.

The Plimpton Press and the Norwood Press are the two largest printing firms in Norwood. Another press, which does a great deal of printing is the Ambrose Press. This press, as you know, prints our weekly newspaper. Production in the Plimpton Press, which has a national reputation, has increased 4000 per cent in the number of finished books each year. Authors from all over the United States have their books printed here. Many of the text-books in daily use in our schools have been printed in the local press. Dictionaries and encyclopedias, scientific and mathematical books are printed in the Plimpton Press.

The Norwood Press, consisting of J. S. Cushing and Company, Printers; Berwick and Smith, Pressmen; and E.

Wished for the binders, do a huge amount of work for him? and every year. Modern methods of printing are employed at these presses and would be a great improvement.

When the subject of the book printed at the Norwood Press is the copy made by the printer, who corrects mistakes, as well as of spacing. After the book is proof-read.

Next the rolls of white paper are placed into a casting machine which "feels" out the perforations in the paper, and sets up type out of molten lead which is held in a container below the machine. When the type has cooled off, it is placed in a rack until time is found to correct it. After being corrected again, the type is ready to be proved. All type cannot be set up by these machines because headlines, indexes, appendixes, and tables of contents require type known as hand type, which must be set up by hand.

Now the pages of type are "locked"

in a container and put into a large press. This press takes as many proofs as are needed, according to the number of books to be printed. After the pages are folded and cut a suitable cover is bound around them. Now the books are inspected and crated, after which they are sent to the large publishing houses which sell the finished product.

The printing trade has given employment to many hundreds of people in Norwood. In this way, large numbers of people are attracted to Norwood and thus we find our town growing steadily. Printing is not merely a trade; it is more an art. A printer who sets up Algebra books, for instance, must be very skilled in the art of printing. All kinds of Algebra books are printed in the Norwood Press, which other presses have refused to print because of the difficulty in setting up the type. "Norwood the Printing Town" is a fitting slogan for us to use.

Our second important industry in Norwood is the tanning industry. An immense number of skins are tanned here every year. If one goes down to the yards of Winslow Brothers and Smith Company, he will see hundreds upon

hundreds of barrels of skins which are soon to be tanned. Huge truckloads of wool are constantly arriving to be cleaned. The Norwood Tanneries are complete in themselves in that they wash, pickle, and tan the skins at their own factories, and also wash the wool which arrives daily. These tanneries are economically beneficial to the town of Norwood in that they give employment to a large number of men and women.

One reason why Norwood has advanced industrially so much is that it has excellent transportation facilities. The Norwood factories are situated on or near the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railway, a direct route from New York to Boston. Boston, which has an excellent seaport, is close to Norwood. By sending our finished products to Boston, from there by ship to any country, our products have become known throughout the world.

Norwood is advancing industrially at a great pace, until it is taking an important place in the industrial world.

CLIFFORD NELSON, '27.

FRANK NYBORN, '27.

Wouldn't You?

Supposing that a lady, big and bold,
Should offer you all kinds of gold,
If only you'd agree
Her husband to be,—
I'd refuse—wouldn't you?

Supposing that an actress, popular, with
fame
Her heart gay and eager with the fun of
the game,
Agreed to be your wife,
If you would lead her life,—
I'd refuse—wouldn't you?

Now supposing that a lady bright and
gay,
With eyes like the bluest sky in May,
Promised to love you and be your wife,
And share with you through life,—
Refuse?—well, would you?

B. V. DANIELS, '27.

The Voices of the Night

I heard the voices of the night,
In accents low and deep,
A throaty moan of whistling wind,
Away on yonder steep.

It taunted me from tree-tops bare
That swayed in mocking leer,
And watched me while I walked alone,
My dismal way in fear.

I listened, but I could not tell
What things there were revealed—
Like some dumb messenger for me
Whose lips by fate are sealed.

Yet still its frigid fury blew
Like icy breath upon my heart,
Until it fell like ashes dead,
From which all heat and light depart.

And through the darkness of my life
I groped ahead and prayed for light
Until the silvery dawn of faith
Dispersed the terrors of my night.

MARGARET J. FLAHERTY, '27.

Fooled

THE stage was set. His long sought chance had come at last. Slowly he crept from the window into the silent, dark room. He laughed softly. "The easy marks," he murmured, "went away and even left a window open." Soon his flashlight played upon the objects in the room, finally alighting on a picture of a beautiful young girl. A smile of satisfaction crossed the masked face of the burglar. Was it the picture he was after? Swiftly he crossed the room and snatched the picture from the wall. A safe stood revealed. With deft fingers the intruder began twirling the dial of the safe.

In the farthest corner of the room a man was seated, with his legs crossed, smoking a cigar. Calmly puffing at it, he had witnessed the burglar's entrance, and had carefully watched every movement of the latter. Was he an accomplice of the other? Surely, if he were, some words would have passed between the two men. No, the smoker could not be a pal of the other. Perhaps, then,

he too wished to rob the safe. Was he waiting for the other man to open the safe for him? Why was he smoking? Wasn't he afraid that the light of his cigar would inform the other man of his presence? Could he be the owner of the house? If so, why was he waiting for the burglar to open the safe? Why didn't he give an alarm?

The clicking of the dial stopped. The safe was open. The burglar eagerly thrust his hand into the safe, and withdrew it—empty. "Fooled," he muttered.

For the first time the smoker spoke. "Terrible!" he exclaimed. "Put more expression into it! Speak as if you meant it! Remember you have waited weeks for this chance. Now, when you come, the jewels are gone. Good Lord! If you act like this to-morrow night, the show will be a flop. You're the worst actor I ever directed. I guess we'll have to do this scene over again, and remember—put more life into it."

R. PERLMUTTER, '27.

Jimmy Visits "Gay Paree"

JIMMY, a young Yankee from Connecticut was sailing for "Gay Paree." He had bought a French dictionary in America to study on the boat. He studied faithfully and thought he could speak fluently. (He practiced on the passengers.) As the ship docked at Havre, Jimmy said "Reservoir" to the Captain and departed. He then took the train for Paris.

Walking along the street, he met several ladies. He tipped his hat and said, "Bonjour Messieurs" and he wondered why they laughed. Proceeding along the street he spied Le Cafe du Roi. Entering he selected a corner table and beckoned to a waiter. He then took up a menu and said, "Donnez-moi ceci, s'il

vous plait." The waiter spoke some French rapidly which Jimmy did not understand. Jimmy then motioned with his hands to show that he wanted a fried egg. The waiter was very much confused. He put his hands to his mouth and shouted, "Hey Kelly, come out and see wot dis bloke wants," to which Kelly responded, "Can't. I'm shaving. Go git Bill." The waiter went into the kitchen and the very much bewildered Jimmy took his departure.

Jimmy went into the Paris slums where the "Apaches" cleaned him out of all his money except twenty-five dollars which he had in his shoe. It is needless to say the next day Jimmy left "Gay Paree."

JAMES MAHER, '29.

Excitement

GRUNTOWN is such a quiet little village, that people would hardly realize that it existed at all, if it were not that a train passed through it on its way to the big city.

It is situated at the foot of a mountain, and one can enter only by a steep road which cuts the little town in half and ends at the railroad tracks.

For some time there had been groups of strange people passing through the street in automobiles and on foot, but no one knew who they were, or what they were doing in the village. The day was very hot and none of the people were very energetic, but suddenly the whole village was interested in the appearance of one of the handsome cars belonging to the strangers. It had a man and woman in it who clung to each other in terror.

Down the mountain road the auto came, and the frightened watchers were terrified to hear the whistle of the train that was rushing through the town at the rate of 50 miles an hour. The grown ups and the children stood watching, hoping that a miracle would happen, either to stop the train or the automobile.

Down the hill, through the town, and—crash! The train stopped too late.

The people took their hands down from their eyes in order that they might see what was left of the car. They rushed to the tracks, and started to dig into the ruin, not paying any attention to the sawdust and bits of clothing which were scattered all around. This was all that remained of the dummies that were in the car. They were used by the motion picture directors in the "Road to Death."

JULIA LEWIS, '28.

Meeting the Queen

SURELY, I could not be late and she had come! I was pacing up and down the station platform waiting impatiently for the arrival of Her Majesty, the Queen. I was on the committee to receive Her Royal Highness, the Queen of Roumania.

Her special train was due at two fifteen, and here it was already fifteen minutes late.

Suddenly, with a blare of music from the band, Her Royal Highness appeared coming up the platform escorted by representatives from the fire department and the police force.

What a glorious day for the town when Marie and her royal entourage should view our community.

About to leave the station, we found something had gone amiss, for instead of the luxurious limousines which we had happily secured for the occasion, there were a number of broken-down, battered old Fords. Her Majesty, realizing our embarrassment, refused my plan of waiting until other cars should arrive. We settled ourselves as comfortably as possible in the lumbering vehicles and

ordered the drivers to proceed to the Civic.

Here, Queen Marie was greeted by the town officials and given other and more suitable machines.

During the inspection of the town we went through the proposed million dollar square where Marie was shown the site and plans for the new Town hall. From here we went on and Her Royal Highness viewed the residential section and went through the new high school. After leaving this building we were received at the various industrial plants.

Meanwhile, Prince Nicholas and Princess Illena had greeted the hundreds of school children who had gathered at the Junior High School to welcome them.

After this sightseeing, all assembled again at the Civic for a truly royal banquet.

The Queen was just about to—

“My goodness, aren’t you up yet?”

Awakened by these words, I sleepily opened my eyes. Well, if it was only a dream, my meeting with the famous queen would furnish adequate material for the next English composition.

ELIZABETH BLAIR, '29.

The Mirror

A lovely mirror in a niche in the hall,
Where smiling or smirking, the guests at
the ball,

Pause to glance and peep in its crystal
deep.

And many a secret, slyly concealed,
In the bright, wily mirror is clearly re-
vealed.

The keen, crystal gaze oft reflects a
bright hope,

Like the mirror that hangs on a fine,
slender rope.

Now it catches a glimpse of a vagrant
tear,

And through every secret unwittingly
told,

The shrewd mirror stares unmindful and
cold.

LILLIAN BEAULIEU. '29.

According to Rube Goldberg

The person who misses a nail for his
thumb,
And whacks it a vigorous blow,
Never fails to elicit from some nearby
bum,
A guffaw of laughter or so.

The plight of the "gent" who can't land
on his feet,
When dropped from a ten-story block,
Is often amusing to those in the street,
Though the victim lands on a rock.

The person who trips up and falls on his
neck,
Is regarded with humor and glee;
Although he is sore, although he's a
wreck,
He gave someone a laugh, don't you see?

But if we were suddenly placed, some fine
day,
In the shoes of those men, black and blue,
We'd howl in distress, for as Goldberg
would say,
"It's different when it happens to you."

KENNETH REARDON, '28.



HISTORY DEPARTMENT

A Day in a Medieval Town

MY, what a funny town! I had never seen anything like it before. The streets were narrow and the upper part of the houses extended over them. It seemed strange that everyone talked a language which reminded me of Latin, but what was still more of a puzzle was that I could understand and talk the same language.

From conversation I overheard I judged that it was a market day, so I stopped to chat with an old man who was trying to sell food. He informed me that there was only one market day a week. I learned from him about a friend of his who had been arrested for selling goods on the way to market. For a fine he had one-half of his products taken away from him.

He also told of the tolls and just price. It seems that merchants were made to pay heavy tolls before their goods reached the market, for payment was compulsory at all of the bridges. The "just price," something new to me, was a fixed price placed on all goods which was always merely enough to cover the cost of labor and material used in producing the article. There was not even a fair profit for the merchants. Again, he said, no merchant could sell all his products to one dealer for it was feared that this would raise the price. I wondered that anyone would care to be a merchant.

As I wandered about the streets later on, I was thinking over what the man had told me when a group of young men attracted my attention. Their excitement aroused my curiosity so I decided to follow them. I saw them enter a small building and I hesitated to follow them,

but soon my courage returned and I stepped inside the door. There I could see the students, for such they proved to be, seated on the straw-covered floor of a room minus furniture. Soon the teacher entered carrying two rolls of parchment which looked to me like wrapping paper. The teacher greeted the pupils, then unrolled the parchment and started to read. I almost laughed aloud at the strange things he read to them—such absurd things about huge animals. I wondered why the pupils did not question his authority for such statements. I could remember the time I was taught biology in the Norwood High School, how questions galore were poured at the teacher. Everything was proved, but here the scholars took all for granted.

Soon I tired of watching this scene so I left the building and strolled up a steep hill on which was located a castle. Then I turned to view the surrounding country and found myself able to see the town below. As I gazed, thoughts of home flashed through my head, and I began comparing the town I once lived in with this one which was surrounded by a thick, strong wall.

The streets of the town were narrow and the houses close together. At nearly every corner a bell hung. These I imagined were the medieval curfews which unlike most of our curfews had a real use.

As I stood there I heard horses approaching and saw a group of armored men headed for the castle. I was excited for it was my first view of one. It was a massive affair built of stone with many iron-barred windows. Turrets of

all sizes rose up from inside the castle walls. There was a ten-foot moat around this castle. As I looked the drawbridge was lowered for the men or knights to enter. Seeing my chance, I slipped across the bridge. Scarcely had I reached the inside of the castle when the heavy portcullis was lowered with a bang. Inside the castle, court people hurried to and fro, and from a knight I learned that

they were preparing for a tournament. By their actions I concluded that this meant as much to them as a good football game meant to me.

As I talked with the knight he began to fade from my sight and I found myself sitting in a chair with a book on my lap. Then I remembered that I was to write a composition on a medieval town. It was easier to do than I thought it would be.

MARJORIE GIFFORD, '29.

The United States and Panama

THINGS usually do leak out sooner or later, but although facts about the proposed treaty with Panama were heard as long ago as last July, it was not until recently that the treaty was presented at Washington. Of course this incited a lot of discussion pro and con, but before we look into its effects perhaps it would be well to acquaint ourselves with the treaty.

The main point of the treaty is expressed in Article XI. (There are thirteen articles.) The general gist of this article is that if the United States becomes involved in war, Panama will agree that she, also, is in a state of war and will do all in her power to aid the United States. Some further provisions of this treaty deal with radio, aircraft, the army and Manzanilla Island.

As I have said, this has incited a great deal of discussion. Some European critics say that if this treaty goes through, Panama will be violating her obligations as a member of the League of Nations. That is no affair of the United States. It is a matter between Panama and the League of Nations.

Then some people feel that it is reducing Panama's independence to a mere shadow.

Why is it? Panama will have a share in the control of the land. Certainly it is far better for Panama to make an agreement with Washington that gives her a hare in the government than to wait until a war comes and makes it necessary for us to take action without her consent.

I think this treaty is to the benefit of both countries involved. If the United States were at war she would be compelled to protect Panama and Panama would have the right to use this aid. That would be well for Panama. The United States would need to protect the Canal because it is an advantageous spot for an enemy to use. What could be better than for them to agree to work together rather than to risk a quarrel between the two when need arose for using the territory?

After all, this agreement is not so different from the one that Egypt, Hedjaz and England have in regard to the Suez Canal. Why, then, should they protest against this agreement?

On the whole, I am decidedly in favor of the treaty. It is advantageous to both countries. Panama would need the protection of the United States in

case of a war in this part of the world and the United States would need the aid of Panama. Therefore, I think it

would be a good move if the treaty were ratified by both countries.

BARBARA ROBERTS, '27.

A Comparison of Hamilton and Jefferson

AMONG the greatest statesmen of their day were Hamilton and Jefferson. To me the comparison between these two is very interesting. Jefferson was born of the highest aristocracy in Virginia, but he hated the aloofness of it. Hamilton, although born of poor parents in the West Indies, grew to be one of the staunchest aristocrats in the United States. Jefferson was retiring, very studious and above all original, while Hamilton was far-sighted, brilliant but not original. He borrowed his policy of government from England. Jefferson liked the people, studied them and knew them well while Hamilton kept aloof from the people and saw them as a "great beast."

Hamilton gained his financial training when a very young man by managing a business while his employer was away. Later he went for awhile to Columbia University, which he left to join the American forces in the Revolutionary War. Hamilton was a self-made man while Jefferson enjoyed the advantages of wealth.

In only one respect were the two great men alike—in patriotism. Their motives were both good and were for the welfare of the country. Jefferson loved the people and wanted them to have all their rights. So did Hamilton love liberty, but the first law in his mind was the stability of the national government. Hamilton felt the people could be controlled only by a strong government while Jefferson feared such a control would endanger liberty.

The two men accomplished much for our country. Hamilton created banks, restored our credit at home and abroad and set the government on its feet financially. Jefferson kept the ideals of democracy before the people, doubled the territory by his purchase of Louisiana and subdued the Barbary pirates.

These two men so unlike did much for the good of the country. It is difficult to choose a favorite but I think Hamilton deserves more credit because he started with little and was a self-made man.

RICHARD TOWNE, '27.

Mussolini's Policies

FOR the past year Benito Mussolini has been growing in the eyes of the world. He is becoming more famous in world politics every day. The reason for this is his attempting to make Italy a Fascist nation and to bring it under a strong controlling hand. Mussolini is of the opinion that he can accomplish this.

Mussolini has done much toward accomplishing his task. He has lately taken over the entire government and revised many laws. Besides revising them he has made many new ones, some of which are, death penalty for anyone suspected of being a member of an anti-Fascist society, entire revocation of licenses of hostile newspapers, limitation of freedom

of Italians in leaving the country, and death penalty for plotting against the life of Mussolini.

Although Mussolini has upset the government of Italy, he has done much to assist her. He has suppressed vice, closed all gambling houses, put the drug traffic under control, checked contagious diseases, decreased unemployment, improved railroad service, developed colonial trade, negotiated a network of commercial treaties and developed air service.

It is the opinion of many people that Mussolini is a fanatic and that he is attempting too big a job for one man. I am of this opinion myself and I believe that Mussolini's downfall is near at hand. Two attempts have been made to take his life. They were unsuccessful but fate is not inevitably kind. But although Mussolini seems a fanatic and has not a long time to live, he deserves credit for having the nerve and backbone to attempt this great undertaking.

HERBERT OLIVER, '27.

(A reading of the Congressional Record of 1850 has brought to light the following speeches hitherto unknown.)

SIR, why this agitation for the abolition of slavery? Cannot the North see that the slaves are more civilized, more Christianized than their African brethren? The negroes, naturally inclined to be lazy, are forced by slavery into useful occupations.

Sir, who is there who cannot see that the very prosperity, the very existence of the Southern States is bound up with slavery as an economic necessity?

Sir, why should the North disturb the equilibrium of the two sections and make new territory free? Does not our Constitution give us the exclusive right to our property? What right has the North to interfere in the matter of slaves, which are our property?

I do not wish to see the union dissolved; indeed, may I never live to see the day that shall witness such an event. Abolition—who is there who cannot see that this abolition movement is going to reap destruction? Sir, unless something is done to stop this movement, the South will be forced to choose between abolition or secession. *Destroy* abolition or *invite* secession.

VERONICA SIENKIEWICZ.

Sir, the condition of the Union at this time is tragic. More and more, slavery is increasing in these United States, where all men were once pronounced equal. The stubbornness of the South will bring war into the Union unless some drastic measure is taken, and taken immediately. Compromise? Yes! Allow the slave states to keep their slaves. But the extension of slavery must be forbidden for all the future.

The South threatens secession. Secession means war. War means destruction, both to man and country. Peaceful secession? There is no such thing.

Adoption of "squatter sovereignty" will be a fatal step in the history of this country. It can readily be seen that people from neighboring states will enter the territory in question and vote according to their own desires, for or against this disastrous, harrowing institution, slavery.

Countrymen! War is at our doors, to be avoided only by determined action. Save your country from sorrow and destruction.

HELEN OLSEN.

FOREIGN LANGUAGE

Une Promenade en Voiture

La voiture est devant la porte et Jeanne et Henri vont faire une promenade dans la rue principale.

Ils voient une devanture pleine de légumes et de fruits.

"A droite," dit Henri, "voilà de gros choux-fleurs et d'excellentes poires; je vois aussi des raisins noirs et des raisins blancs."

"Et tiens," dit Jeanne, "regardez le grand assortiment de légumes! Voilà de petits pois, des haricots verts, et des pommes de terre."

Après une minute Jeanne dit: "Regardez cette église. Quelle belle façade! Ces murs sont en pierre n'est-ce pas?"

"Oui," dit Henri, "c'est mon église et elle est très belle à l'intérieure."

"Oh!" dit Jeanne, "il est deux heures; il me faut aller à la maison maintenant."

"Très bien," dit Henri, "je suis heureux que vous soyez venue aujourd'hui."

La voiture arrive à la maison de Jeanne et elle dit:

"Merci beaucoup, Henri, et bon jour."

"Bon jour, Jeanne," dit Henri, "il n'y a pas de quoi."

FRANCES LYDON, '29.

Le Printemps

Le printemps est la première saison de l'année. C'est la saison après l'hiver. Au printemps les jours sont tous chauds et tous longs. Les prés sont pleins de violettes et d'autres fleurs sauvages. Dans les vergers les arbres fruitiers sont en fleur. Dans les bois il a des petits ruisseaux. Leurs eaux sont très claires et abondantes.

Au printemps l'air est plein d'odeurs agréables n'est-ce pas? Les oiseaux sont

de retour du midi et leurs chansons sont jouées après le long hiver. J'aime beaucoup le printemps. C'est une belle saison, n'est-ce pas?

DORIS RITCHIE, '29.

La Langue Française

J'adore la langue française parce qu'elle est si belle. J'aime bien à parler français, mais ici à Norwood il n'y a pas beaucoup de monde qui savent parler la vraie langue. Cependant la semaine dernière j'étais bien heureuse de trouver un homme qui avait été en France longtemps, et nous avons parlé français tout le temps. Cet homme est le propriétaire de la pharmacie où je travaille et j'espère que je pourrai parler très souvent cette langue charmante.

ANNA KADARA, '29.

Sur La Pont de Bale

En 1681 par un beau jour de septembre, le ministre de guerre, Monsieur de Louvois, appela le jeune officier Hérard de Chamilli, dans son cabinet. Cet homme était le fils du général de ce nom.

—Monsieur, vous allez épouser secrètement ce soir une jeune fille, Mademoiselle Lecoq, n'est-ce pas? Et vous savez que cette affaire est contre les volontés de monsieur votre oncle, et de sa famille, parce que ce n'est pas une jeune fille de votre rang. Or je puis vous envoyer à la Bastille pour apprendre votre devoir, mais non, je ne vais pas faire cela. Vous allez mériter votre pardon en cette façon. Vous allez partir tout de suite dans une voiture fermée, qui vous attend à la porte. Vous ne regarderez rien et vous ne parlerez à personne. Mais dans trois jours le cocher vous dira, "C'est ici," et

vous descendrez alors, et lirez cette dépêche que je vous donne maintenant.

L'obéissance est le devoir d'un soldat, ainsi le jeune officier s'habilla en costume de paysan et fit comme le ministre lui avait dit. Quand il sortit de la Porte St. Denis le soldat reconnut une jeune fille qui lui envoya un baiser. Cette jeune fille était sa fiancée, Mlle. Lecoq, fille d'un luthier du Palais-Royal.

En trois jours le voiture s'arrêta aux Portes de Bâle. L'officier pensait qu'ils eussent traversé le Rhône mais au lieu de le traverser la voiture s'arrêta sur le pont, et le cocher dit: "C'est ici." Hérard de Chamille lut la dépêche:

—Restez ici sur le pont de Bâle dimanche de neuf heures du matin jusque qu'à trois heures de l'après-midi. Remarquez très exactement tout ce que vous verrez et revenez me le dire sans délai.

L'officier accomplit les ordres du ministre. Il remarque tout mais il ne voit rien d'extraordinaire. Toutefois il note soigneusement les petits événements pour obéir aux ordres de son ministre. La voiture l'attend, et il retourne à Paris dans trois jours. Monsieur de Louvois le reçoit dans son cabinet, et voici ce que le jeune homme raconte:

—Rien d'extraordinaire, Excellence. Votre excellence ne trouvera rien d'intéressant dans les notes que j'ai écrites.

—Lisez, monsieur, je serai le juge.

—Neuf heures du matin: Je vois sur le pont de Bâle un âne conduit par un enfant; ensuite un gros Allemand qui fume sa pipe. Dix heures: Personne. Onze heures: Des gens qui reviennent de l'église traversent en grands nombres. Midi: Un vieux paysan en veste jaune s'arrête devant le parapet du pont et frappe trois coups avec son bâton; . . .

—Halte! s'écria M. de Louvois, vous avez dit un vieux paysan en veste jaune et qui frappe sur le parapet du pont?

—Oui, excellence, un vieux paysan en veste jaune et qui frappe sur le parapet avec son bâton.

—C'est assez. Voilà le signe que Strasbourg est maintenant redevenu français. Fort bien; allez, monsieur, annoncez ces nouvelles à votre futur beau-père.

MARION CUSHING, '28.

Les Mains d'Andre et les Mains de Babet

La porte du salon fut ouvert subitement, et André entra, tirant dedans la petite Babet après lui par le ruban de son tablier.

"Oh! ma mère," dit André, en riant, "regardez Babet! Elle avait l'intention d'obtenir un peu de votre parfum, sans demander, mais le gaz n'était pas allumé, et au lieu de le parfum elle a prit votre encre. Oh! Oh!" et André rit rudement.

Alors, si les larmes pouvaient laver les taches d'encre, les mains de petite Babet auraient été bientôt blanches, parcequ'elle était toute en pleurs, tandis que sa mère la mena à la salle de bain pourqu'elle puisse placer le tablier dans un bassin pour tremper, et pour bien lui laver les mains. Et, tous le temps elle disait à Babet que les petites filles qui n'obéissent pas à leurs mères se mettent dans le trouble.

Quand la mère et Babet entrèrent dans le salon, André commença à tourmenter sa soeur sur le point de ses mitaines noires. Mais sa mère le prit par surprise en disant:

"J'ai connaissance d'un garçon dont les mains sont tachées quoiqu'il n'ait pas l'air de le savoir lui-même." André jéto un coup d'oeil sur les mains. "Je parle d'un garçon qui arracha un pot de lait d'un très petit garçon, versa le lait et

rendit l'enfant très malheureux. Les mains de ce garçon sont plus noires que les mains de Babet et la tache ne se détachera pas jusque qu'au moment où il ait regretté ce qu'il a fait et où il ait pris la résolution de ne jamais faire une pareille chose.

André baissa la tête. Alors il dit à lui-même que, quand Babet serait allée se coucher il demanderait à sa mère ce qu'il doit faire au sujet du lait versé de Jacques Gillet.

ALDONA BABEL, '28.

Les Superstitious

Un vendredi Aimée et Clarisse se sont décidées d'aller à la bibliothèque. Comme elles descendait la rue, un grand chat noir courut en avant d'elles.

"Mon Dieu!" dit Clarisse. "Un chat noir est malchanceux."

"Ne soyez pas superstitieuse," répondit Aimée.

Pas autre chose fut dit jusqu'à ce qu'elles s'approchèrent de la bibliothèque. Aimée fit fiasco une échelle sans autre pensée.

"Aimée, aller sous une échelle est malchanceux," cria Clarisse.

"Superstitieuse encore."

Elles entrèrent dans la bibliothèque en silence.

Pour quelques minutes la bibliothèque était en silence, quand tout à coup un rire étouffé s'entendit. Aimée alla trouver Clarisse et elle trouva Clarisse qui regardait un tableau dans un livre de "Superstitions," de deux filles et un chat noir courant en avant d'elles.

"Ce tableau me rappelle nous autres aujourd'hui et ça me fait rire quand je me rappelle quand vous m'avez dit 'Superstitieuse encore'."

Plus tard les deux filles revinrent dans la salle de lecture. Aimée s'assit et prit

un magasin, mais quand Clarisse s'assit, elle sauta hors de sa chaise et cria, "Mon Dieu!"

"Clarisse," dit Aimée, "s'il vous plaît, taisez-vous ou la bibliothécaire nous mettra à la porte."

"Ce n'est pas ma faute si quelqu'un a mit une pointe sur ma chaise."

Aimée ne répondit pas.

"Aujourd'hui c'est vendredi le treize," dit Clarisse.

"Superstitieuse encore une fois?"

VALERIA ADAMS, '28.

Anecdotas

Preguntar a un individuo.

¿No va usted nunca a los entierros?

¡Nunca!

¿Ni a los de sus mejores amigos?

Tampoco. Iré al mío, y gracias.

¿Saltero o casado?

Casado, Señor Juez.

¿Con quién?

Con una mujer.

¡Naturalmente!

No Señor Juez, naturalmente no, por que mi hermana casó con un hombre.

¿Que haces nina?

Escribiendo a Totó

Pero hija—si tú no sabes escribir!

No importa mama, Totó no sabe leer.

Un celebre pianista toca mientras dos señoritas

Charlan en un rincón. Que tanto picado el artista dice al dueño de la casa.

Supango que no estaré molestando a esas señoritas.

Oh, no, de ninguna manera, pero no es necesario que toque usted tan fuerte.

La señora. "Vd. me dijo que Vd. fué el dependiente mas alto pagado en la tienda."

El señor. "Yo soy, yo soy dos pulgadas mas alto que todos los otros dependiente en la tienda.

El Consejo

El señor Jose fué a la ciudad para comprar algunas herramientas que le hacía falta en su plantación. Antes de volver a caso entró en el oficina de un jurisconsulto notablé para consultarle para aprovechar el tiempo. No quiso volver a caso sin obtener algunos renglones escritos para mostrar que había visto el abogado. El abogado le preguntó si había un pluto que arreglar o de volver mercancías o de vender algunas cosa. Pero el señor insistió que había nada que quiso excepto haber una (consultación). El abogado le preguntó su edad, su profesión, y su ocupación entonces es-

cribió dos cortas regnlones. (Nunca dejes para mañana lo que puedes hacer hoy.)

Cuandò llegó a su casa parecía que el tiempo iba a cambiar durante la noche. El cuado le pregunto si era necessario recoger el trigo que estaba en el campo. La mujer del señor, contestó que era ya tarde y que por lo cual era mejor dejarlo para el día siguiente.

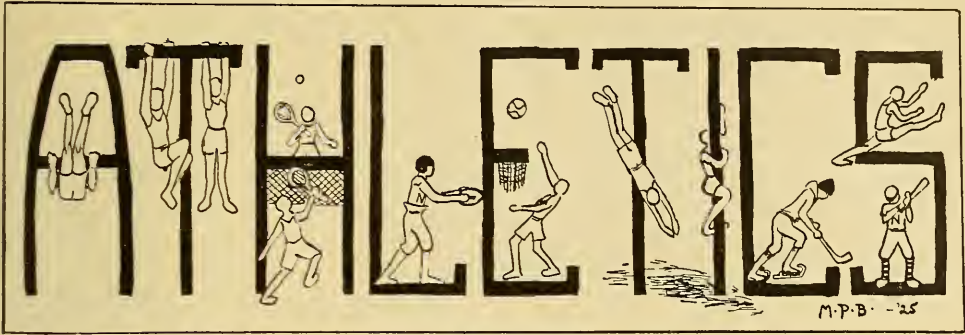
El Señor Jose se acordó repentinamente del papel que había recibido del abogado y se lo díó a su mujer para leerlo.

Después de leerlo ella dijó, "Muy bien." Recojamos el trigo ahora mismo.

Las cosechas de su vecino fueron destruidas en la noche. En agradecimiento por ese buen consejo del abogado volvió cada año a la cuidad y da al abogado dos soberbios capones.

INGRID I. MATTSON, '28.





FOOTBALL

NORWOOD'S SUCCESSFUL SEASON

Undefeated! How good it sounds of a Norwood team. It should be "unscored-upon" as the only one to cross Norwood's goal line was Walpole. In the first game of the season they pulled a trick forward pass and scored the only points which were chalked up against Norwood all season. However, "undefeated" is good enough. The wonderful season of Norwood High's football squad was due to three main reasons: the spirit of co-operation and teamwork in the squad; the wonderful work done by John Dixon as captain of the team; and last, but by no means least, the marvelous achievements of Coach Murray in rounding out a squad to such a high degree of perfection.

NORWOOD 19—WOBURN 0

Norwood's first away-from-home game of the season turned out to be another decisive victory for the Blue and White. Under very adverse playing conditions, the team from Norwood pinned defeat on the Woburn boys. The playing field was little better than a meadow, but the Norwood boys went right ahead and played their usual sterling game. Cavanaugh gave a fine exhibition of running

behind splendid interference, while Dixon's punts drove the ball out of Norwood territory many times. The Norwood line also played a wonderful game, even with the slippery footing, and the gains made through it were few and far between.

NORWOOD 13—DEDHAM 0

The game with Norwood's hereditary rivals was the hardest game which the team had played, up to that time; yet never for a minute did Dedham have a chance or threaten to score. The Dedham boys put up a wonderful fight in the face of defeat, but they could not resist the concerted attack of Norwood's powerful backfield and more powerful line. The score does not even begin to tell the story, as time after time Norwood lost the ball on "downs" or "fumbles" on the very threshold of the Dedham goal line. Dixon's punts kept Norwood out of danger most of the time, and when the final whistle blew every Norwood adherent heaved a sigh of relief.

NORWOOD 21—WHITMAN 0

Norwood continued on the path to glory by winning her seventh straight game of the season by the score of twenty-one to nothing, from Whitman, who was considered one of the most dangerous of the season's opponents. With the coach sick in bed, the Norwood

boys played as though inspired. The Whitman team outweighed Norwood and had hung up an impressive record for the season; yet, undaunted by these facts, the Norwood team forged to the front at the start and kept their lead till the end. The Norwood line again proved impregnable, stopping the fleet Whitman backs, in their tracks time and again.

NORWOOD 14—NATICK 0

When this game had passed into history, it saw Norwood victorious by a not very large, but, nevertheless, a very decisive score. This was the "rubber" game of a three-game series between Norwood and Natick. Norwood had won the first game, Natick the second, and now Norwood showed her supremacy by taking the third game. This game was mostly given over to straight football, little open play being used, as the field was slow and slippery. It was a battle of lines, practically, and the Norwood line showed its mettle by stopping the Natick attack repeatedly.

NORWOOD 50—WEYMOUTH 0

The last game turned out to be the largest scoring game of the season. From

the opening whistle, Norwood went right after their opponents and piled up score after score. The ground yielded a very poor footing, but in spite of this, the Norwood backs had a field day. Cavanaugh especially ran wild, with John Donovan not very far behind him in glory gained. It is not necessary to mention the work of the Norwood line, as it has never been surpassed and rarely equaled, and all through the game bodies were flying through the air to give an exhibition of interference such as has seldom been seen here.

THE BANQUET

A group of Norwood's public-spirited citizens, to show their appreciation and recognition of the wonderful record achieved by the High School football team during the 1926 football season, tendered them a testimonial banquet and entertainment. Every member of the squad was the recipient of a gold football, the letter men receiving balls with an enameled "N" and the rest of the squad, balls with "N. H. S." engraved on them. This testimonial was deeply appreciated by the boys, and goes to show the interest which the town takes in high school athletics.

NORWOOD HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL TEAM

BenNy Murray
 JOhn Dixon
 Tom BarRett
 Willard Cottrell
 TOby Cavanaugh
 Dick CrOsby
 Jimmie Donovan

 JoHn Donovan
 Dumpy JasIonis
 Chick Griffin
 CHamp McNulty

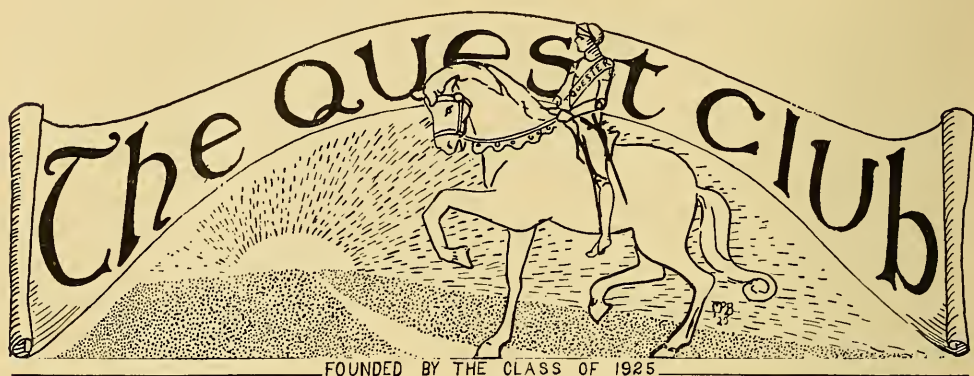
 Luther HoweS
 Bill Connolly
 JoHn Martin
 TOM Foley
 DON Taylor
 Lothie Rich

 Frank Lee
 DOM Curran
 Marty O'Donnell
 Sunky FlaherTy
 ABbot
 Arthur Hauck
 Russell Crosby
 John KelLiher

 Tick Fay
 Sonny DonahuE
 Don FrAzier
 Pud WilliaMson

THERESA COLLINS, '27.





Foreword

THE QUEST CLUB has certainly been as busy as the proverbial bee since the last issue of the "Arguenot." We have attended several functions in Boston. Two weeks before Christmas we ran our second annual food sale. On December twenty-second we gave our third Christmas party. And for six weeks preceding the party we worked afternoons, dressing dolls, making candy bags and paper caps, buying toys and mittens, and doing any number of delightful things in preparation for the event.

While charity is not the club's main purpose, public attention is centered more on its Christmas party than on any of its other activities. There were more adult guests this year than in previous years. We were glad to see this evidence

of the interest and support of the townspeople.

The club now has a complete slate of officers, the Sophomore members of the board having been elected early in December. James Meade is the Recording Secretary, and Doris Ritchie, Mona Morris, Warren Lovejoy and Russell Crosby are the Representatives from the Class of 1929. The membership of the club this year is three hundred and five.

We regret exceedingly that Miss Helen Gould, who, for four years was our school nurse, has left. Miss Gould has been of great assistance to us in many ways, and especially in selecting the children for our Christmas parties. She has our best wishes for success and happiness in her new position.

JANE WALDHEIM, '27,
President.

The Questers' Food Sale

THIS year again The Quest Club held a food sale to raise money for its Christmas party. The sale was most successful, not only because of the large amount of money that was made but also because of the excellent spirit shown by the Questers.

The sale was held on Saturday, December eleventh. Mr. Benjamin Black kindly gave us his store on Washington Street, so our location was perfect. All the morning Miss Gow, Mrs. Waldheim, Jane Waldheim and other Questers arranged the food on the tables. Two

Questers brought in large cakes daintily frosted with the words "Quest Club" formed on top.

By noon the counters were laden with good things to eat. Questers acted as salesgirls, and I think some of them must

have found their vocation that afternoon. The townspeople came to our assistance as they always do, and at eight-thirty in the evening every article of food had been sold. Ninety dollars was earned toward our Christmas party.

SIGRID NYBORN, '28.

Our Christmas Party

SUCCESS in the form of a Christmas Party has for the third time been placed on the annals of the Quest Club. This Christmas party, as in former years, was given to the little tots of our town who would not otherwise have had a joyful Christmas.

On Wednesday afternoon, December twenty-second, a large group of Questers awaited the arrival of their little guests. At three forty-five the children began to arrive in machines which our boys had gladly offered with their services for the afternoon. Each Quester was given a child to care for, with the exception of "Dixie" who took charge of two of the smallest boys in the group, neither of whom could be persuaded to leave him.

At four o'clock the other Questers, each with a child by the hand, and "Dixie" with a child on either side, marched into the gymnasium. In the hall small chairs had been placed to form a horseshoe, and each little chair had a big chair behind it. At the opening of the horse shoe was the Christmas tree, beautifully decorated and lighted with many colored electric bulbs. The tree was surrounded with dolls and toys of every description.

When all had been seated Jane Waldheim, President of the club, gave a short speech of welcome. Alice Johnson announced the games and explained each one. To play the games the children

were divided into four groups of fifteen children, and each group was directed by two Questers. The children enjoyed the games immensely, but it was as entertaining to watch the Questers as to watch the children. Each was so eager that the child in his care should win.

In the midst of the fun Santa Claus was heard on the roof. He put his head through the sky light, but since that was all of him that could get through he called to the children to let him in. They ran to the door to meet him, and he joined them in their games. Santa Claus was by far the most popular guest at the party. We have noticed he is just as popular when he plays his usual role of Calvin Chamberlain.

After the games refreshments were served. Then the lights in the gymnasium were put out, and only the lights of the Christmas tree showed dimly, while the children were as quiet as little mice. Remarkable silence was kept by the large gathering of children all the time Ruth Davis read the Bible story of our first Christmas. The lights remained out while the children sang "Silent Night" and Alice Wolfe played the violin, accompanied by Helen Olsen.

When the lights again came on, Santa Claus gave the gifts to the children. There was a doll for each little girl, and a football or game for each boy. Every child received a pair of mittens, a book,

a bag of candy, a candy cane and two apples. With their arms filled to overflowing the children marched out. Santa Claus shook hands with each little tot as he left.

I am sure that those who watched the

party must have enjoyed it very much and must have been greatly pleased with the work of the Questers. The Questers themselves may well believe that it was a happy group of children that were driven to their homes that evening.

GERTRUDE MOLONEY, '27.

"X-Rays and Their Applications"

ON Saturday, December eleventh, a group of Science pupils, under the auspices of the Quest Club, attended an Experimental Science Lecture at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

The Lecture, "X-Rays and Their Applications," was illustrated by slides and experimental demonstrations, and was delivered in a very interesting way by Mr. John T. Norton, S. B., Assistant Professor of Physics at the college. Experiments were performed on the nature and production of X-Rays, their electrical, chemical, and fluorescent effects, and their application to various physical, engineering, and surgical problems.

X-Rays are invisible rays producing fluorescence upon certain substances and acting upon a photographic plate. They were discovered in 1885 in an attempt to find invisible light. X-Radiation is obtained by discharging a high pressure electric current through a vacuum glass tube. X-Rays have definite wave length which is one hundred billionth of an inch.

Their velocity is the same as that of ordinary light. X-Rays travel in straight lines, but are not reflected from mirrors or bent by prisms. X-Radiation has a very penetrating effect on wood. Aluminum is opaque in ordinary light but under the X-Rays it loses this quality.

The practical use of X-Rays in photographing the interior organs of the human body is very valuable in diagnosing disease, in locating foreign bodies in surgical operations, and in aiding the setting of fractures. X-Rays are also used with success in the treating of certain diseases.

This lecture was one of a series which the Massachusetts Institute of Technology gives every winter. Mr. Carl E. Smith, head of our Science Department, has for the past three years secured tickets for the series for all pupils in the Science Department who wished to attend them. We are looking forward with pleasure to the coming lectures.

RUTH RAFUSE, '27.

The Questers See "Don Juan"

ON November nineteenth, twenty-seven Questers took the seven-twenty train bound for Boston and the Colonial Theatre. Why were we doing this? Why, to hear the much talked

of vitaphone, and see the photo-play "Don Juan."

We arrived at the South Station where Miss Gow was to meet the train. If she met a train it was not the one on which

we came. So, leaving Miss Estes searching for her, we hastened onward.

Arriving at the theatre we proceeded to climb about fifty thousand steps to "peanut gallery." After we had regained our breath and settled down in our lofty position the show began.

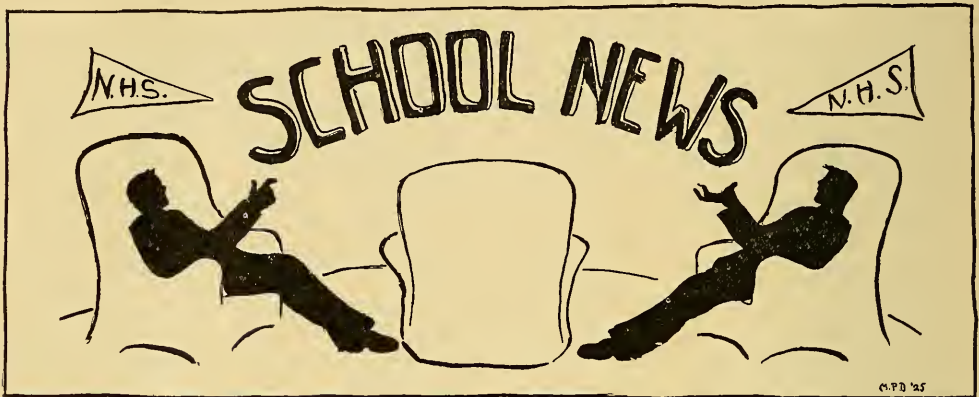
The vitaphone is an amazing machine. It was a most novel and interesting experience to see and at the same time hear the artists singing or playing. Some of the artists we saw and heard were Marion Talley, Giovanni Martinelli, Roy Smeck, Mischa Elman, Anna Case and Henry Hadley. Mr. Hadley conducted the New York Philharmonic Orchestra.

Then came the photo-play "Don Juan." The truly exciting adventures of the

dashing young Spaniard, Don Juan, the world's greatest lover, who dared even to defy the Borgia to attain the woman he loved, quite thrilled us all. John Barrymore positively "made a hit" with the Questers.

When we had seen all there was to see we descended the fifty thousand steps, and came down from the heights to earth once more, where we were met by Miss Gow, Miss Estes and Miss McGonagle. We managed to get the train and rode home, tired but happy, to the tune of "K-K-K-Katy" from one end of the car and "Lonesome and Sorry" from the other, rendered by would-be Marion Talleys and Giovanni Martinellies.

ELIZABETH BLUMENKRANZ, '27.



School Activities

ASSEMBLIES

October 29—We had the usual rally before the Dedham game. Coach Murray said a few words and then called on John Dixon, William Cavanaugh and other high-lights of the team for a little "oratory." We finished the rally with the singing of that "Fight" song, led by Mr. Geer and Professor Dethier.

November 5—At this assembly the Board of Trade Cup was awarded to the class of 1927, much to the disgust of the under class students. Competition was extremely close, however, and the Seniors can't exult much in their victory.

November 12—Another football rally took place, this time concerning the Natick game, and again we sang the "Fight" song.

November 25—The partition in the "gym" being put up, this assembly was shortened, and of necessity there was "standing room only" for a large number (of boys). The orchestra opened the program with a march, followed by the

reading of the Governor's Proclamation by Joseph Breen. Mr. Grant read a portion of an Uncle Dudley editorial and the program closed with the singing of "Norwood" and the old standby, "America," accompanied by the orchestra.

December 23—This assembly was held in Everett Hall for a change and the program ran thus: Overture, selection from Rossini's opera, "William Tell"; the annual Sophomore play, "The Gift"; and the singing of two Christmas carols. The play was something out of the ordinary, and Mr. Burnham is to be congratulated for getting away from the usual type of Christmas plays.

On Thursday evening, October 28, the annual Arguenot Dance was held in the school gymnasium. Although I was unable to be there, I must tell you that the "gym" was decorated with color and material appropriate to the time of year, and to conclude with a stock sentence, "The affair was a social and financial success throughout."





"Peg" + Gareth



Marie + Pearl



Edith



Hox

Senior Class Notes

The Senior Promenade—the second dance to be given in the High School Gymnasium—was held on New Year's Eve. The decorations of blue and yellow were unusually pretty and effective. The Grand March, ably led by the President and Vice-President, directly preceded intermission. Both the participants and spectators enjoyed it immensely. A large number of alumni attended the dance and their presence greatly contributed to the success of the dance. Although the promenade was both financially and socially successful, its social success far outweighed its financial success. The matrons were Mrs. Cavanaugh, Mrs. Mahoney, and Mrs. Waldheim. We hope they enjoyed the dance as much as we enjoyed having them present.

"The Prince Chap," the chosen Senior Play, is to be presented on February 18 and 19. Mr. Burnham has selected a tentative cast and with the fine and varied talent the class affords, we are looking forward to the play with highest anticipation.

Through the intelligent discussion of two Senior classes in Civics, a Suggestion Committee has been formed whose aim is to stimulate the interest of the Senior class in the introduction of Student Government in the school. As yet no wonderful feats have been accomplished, but it is hoped that the Class of 1927 will be able successfully to carry out this project. Seniors, please don't forget to remember *not* to forget that all class dues will be gladly accepted.

SENIOR JOKES

Miss Abbott: "Mahoney, do you have to become naturalized in order to vote?"

Mahoney: "No, you only have to be sane."

Mr. Smith (speaking of numerous moons of other planets): "If you went out and saw four moons in the Earth's sky you would say that there was too much 'moonshine'."

* * *

Williamson (giving an oral report): "His bride was an Indian Chief's son."

* * *

Miss Estes: "Give me a verbal noun in a sentence."

Hauck: "I'm going to take up golfing."

Miss Estes: "What is that?"

Howes: "That's a fairy tale."

TEACHERS HAVE FAVORITE EXPRESSIONS Too

Miss Wilson—Obviously.

Miss Upton—Write the date in Latin.

Miss James—Oral compositions for Friday.

Miss Estes—Ah!

Miss Abbott—What a silly class (to 5th period history class).

Miss Foster—N'est-ce pas?

Mr. Smith—Because.

Miss Gow—As usual.

Mr. Woodlury—And—dah.

REEL LIFE

"Lord Jim"—"Jimmy" Donovan.

"The Campus Flirt"—Marie Werner.

"Don Q"—"Don" Taylor.

"A Woman of the World"—Helen Smith.

"Brave Heart"—"Dixie."

"Silence"—"Tick" Fay.

"The Quarterback"—"Yonny" Donovan.

"Pace that Thrills"—Lunch-counter rush.

"Little Annie Rooney"—"Peg" Rorke.

"The Big Parade"—Going to Assembly.

"Fifth Avenue"—The Arcade.
 "Unrestrained Youth"—Hannigan.
 "The Untamed Woman"—Nora Folan.
 "We're in the Navy Now"—"Brad"
 and "Bill."
 "Daddy Long Legs"—Samuel Steele.
 "Variety"—Waldorf salad.
 "Silent Landerson"—"Jarvis" Barrett.
 "Bigger Than Barnums"—Lawrence
 Rock.
 "The Music Master"—Helen Olsen.
 "Kid Boots"—"Libby" Flynn.
 "Just Another Blond"—Helen Chubet.
 "Hold that Lion"—Marie van
 Leeuwen.

"The Son of the Sheik"—Tony Montis-
 sano.
 "Fascinating Youth"—N. H. S. stu-
 dents.
 "Empty Hands"—Class Treasurers.
 "The Humming Bird"—Miss Fitz-
 gerald.
 "The Lost Chord"—Senior Chorus.
 "High Steppers"—Questers at their
 Christmas Party.
 "Spangles"—Helen Owens.
 "The Coast of Folly"—Ice behind
 N. H. S.

E. M. S. S., '27-'28.

Junior Class Notes

Juniors, we were beaten in the first term in our efforts to win the scholarship cup. This means we must work harder. Surely we do not wish to lose the record we made in our Sophomore year. This year it is necessary to work harder, but greater credit is due us if we succeed.

On October 26, the annual Junior Dance was held in the gymnasium. In spite of the unfavorable weather the dance was well attended. It proved to be a great success and much praise is due to those who worked to make it so.

The Junior Class colors have been selected. Crimson and silver were chosen.

One more word, Juniors, the class taxes are due now. This is an obligation not to be slighted.

JUNIOR JOKES

Isabelle: "Where's Mr. Smith's home room?"

S. Nyborn: "On Hoyle Street, in a two-family house."

* * *

Teacher in Geometry Class: "Who will define a circle?"

Johnny: "A circle is a round straight line with a hole in the middle." (Ex.)

* * *

Whitie: "My, they're sending animals through the mail."

Bluie: "Don't be silly! They can't do that."

Whitie: "There's a seal on this letter." (Ex.)

* * *

Miss Beaulieu: "Where's your home room, Taylor?"

Taylor: "In my locker."

Sophomore Class Notes

Late in October the Sophomore class held its election for class officers. The following were elected: President, Russell

Crosby; Vice-President, Gertrude Turner; Secretary, Donald Taylor; Treasures, Lillian Beaulieu and Charles Donahue;

Member of Athletic Council, John Kelliher; School Council, Louis Balboni, Christine Murray, Claire Riley, Marston Thayer, and George Kelter, chairman.

According to the custom of former years, the Sophomores gave their play at the Christmas assembly, the twenty-third of December. This play was entitled "The Gift," and it was coached by Mr. Burnham, which added greatly to its success. The cast is as follows:

Father Malachi.....	<i>Edward Flaherty</i>
Huldah	<i>Margaret Kenefick</i>
Joel.....	<i>John Weisul</i>
Gabriel.....	<i>Philip Kravitz</i>

Martha.....	<i>Mildred McGlashen</i>
The Stranger.....	<i>Russell Crosby</i>

SOPHOMORE CLASS JOKES

Extracts from Sophomore compositions:

"As you come up Nichols Street Extension the first thing that hits your eye is this new building."

"As you come closer, you can see six large pillows going up the steps of the high school."

"Our new building stands for education and looks like a highly cultured college professor."

Alumni Notes

Can it be possible that it is time for the next issue of the "Arguenot"? Time surely flies in this country!

Although summer is the traditional time for the chiming of wedding bells, Miss Mary Quinn and "Charlie" Kelly preferred to have them ring on December sixth. "Charlie" was an excellent football player when he was in high school. We wish Mr. and Mrs. Kelly the very best of luck.

We are all most interested in the line-up of the team of the N. A. A. It seems very much like "old times" to have the games played at the Civic and played by former Norwood High School players. They are certainly keeping up the good record they established when they played on the School team. We hope that the remainder of the season will be a successful one for them.

During the Christmas holidays a reunion was held by the Classes of '24 and '25. Judging from many reports it was a very enjoyable affair. Non-members of the Classes of '24 and '25 felt very sorry that it didn't include their classes.

Cedric Roberts, that long, lanky fellow of the Class of '26 is certainly stepping out since he went to Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He made a place on the Freshman Cross Country Team and was among those who ran in the National Intercollegiate Freshman meet at Vancourtland Park in New York. We also hear that he plays center on the Freshman Basket Ball Team. Ced always was long and we understand that he is the tallest Freshie on the team. Not only is he receiving honors in athletics but he has received the highest possible mark in three subjects and second highest in his fourth subject.

We are glad to hear that Elizabeth Gay, who is graduating this year from Mount Holyoke, is among those who are graduating with honor.

Nan Russell and Frances Johnston come back with enthusiastic reports of their work at the Children's Hospital.

Alumni Questers send their congratulations to the Quest Club for their very successful Christmas Party.



Comments on Our Exchanges

"The Tripod," Roxbury Latin School—You have an appropriate cover for your publication. We think that the Literary Department could be improved by the addition of a few more stories.

"The Blue and White," St. Mary's H. S., Taunton, Mass.—Welcome to our list of exchanges. The fact that your magazine is issued monthly indicates fine coöperation on the part of the pupils of your high school and the staff of the "Blue and White." May we suggest the addition of a table of contents and an exchange department?

"The Peak," Medfield, Mass.—We consider the "Peak" a fine paper for the first year of its publication. Its cover is unique and the material it contains is of good quality. Why not add a table of contents and a few more exchanges?

"The Oracle," Manchester, N. H.—We hesitate in commenting upon the Alumni issue of the "Oracle" because it seems so complete in so many respects. Since you study several foreign languages in your high school, why not add a foreign

language department to your magazine?

"The Item," Dorchester, Mass.—From reading the stories in the "Item" we know that you prefer quality, rather than quantity. Congratulations! "Karo," the Mystical Mystic, was highly amusing, even though we are not acquainted with the persons concerned.

"The Abhis," Abington, Mass.—Your paper would appear neater if the advertisements were grouped together in one part of it. We believe in your policy of writing comments on magazines rather than publishing a long list of exchanges.

"The Academic Observer," Utica, N. Y.—We were interested in all the discussions on the question whether or not uniforms should be adopted by the girl students of Utica Free Academy. "Home Rumors" and the "Spinal Column" were most amusing.

"The Advance," Salem, Mass.—"Class Notes" were very good.

"The High School Herald," Westfield,

Mass.—Your magazine would be much more attractive if it were printed in larger type.

"The Pad and Pencil," Chandler Secre-

tarial School.—Your "Golden Glow Number" was very "newsy." We enjoyed especially the story entitled "The Ref-ormation of Percival Dudley."

Comments On Our Arguenot

"The Hanoverian," Hanover, Mass.—An excellent paper.

"The Advance," Salem, Mass.—Your drawings are most attractive. Couldn't you have a few more? We suggest the enlargement of your literary department.

"The Critic," Lynchburg, Va.—Very pleasing in appearance and contents is your magazine.

"The High School Herald," Westfield, Mass.—Your school must have remarkable school spirit and a fine sense of humor. Your poetry is really excep-

tional. We certainly spent an entertaining hour reading all of your departments. "A Junior's Journey" afforded us much amusement.

"The Unquity Echo," Milton, Mass.—"The Arguenot" of Norwood, Mass., shows hard work on the part of all the board, and especially on the part of the business managers.

"The Tattle-Tale," Wareham, Mass.—An all-around fine paper. We liked your comments at the beginning of class noter.

Other Magazines and Papers We Have Enjoyed Reading

"The Unquity Echo," Milton, Mass.

"Drury Academe," North Adams, Mass.

"The Alpha," New Bedford, Mass.

"The Semaphore," Stoughton, Mass.

"Bird's Neponset Review," East Walpole, Mass.

"The Green and White," Manila, P. I.

"The Proviso Pageant," Maywood, Ill.

"The Blue and Gold," Malden, Mass.

"Boston University News," B. U.

"The Jeffersonian," Detroit, Michigan.

"The Spectator," Chicopee, Mass.

"The Broadcast," Everett, Mass.

"The Tattle-Tale," Wareham, Mass.

"The Mirror," Dedham, Mass.

Exchange Jokes

Late to bed,
And early to rise,
Keep the dear brothers
From wearing your ties.
Jeffersonian, Detroit, Michigan.

* * *

(In Caesar Class): "The soldier stood up on one hand and sat down on the other."

Abhis, Abington, Mass.

Boys only—girls don't read this.

(Read this backwards.)

Didn't you if girls be wouldn't you, this read. Would you knew we.

Blue and Gold, Malden, Mass.

* * *

Sophomore: "Are you going to take chloroform?"

Freshman: "Yes, who teaches it?"

Mirror, Dedham, Mass.

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